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Philip Steele

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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CHAPTER VIII.

Another Letter for Philip.

From beside his prisoner in the deep gloom Philip saw Thorpe and his wife come out of the cabin a minute later and hurry away through the night. Then he dragged the guard into the prison, relocked the door, left the key in the lock and returned to Hodges' office to replace the old clothes for his uniform.

Not until he stood looking down upon the dead body again did the enormity of his own offense begin to crowd in upon him. But he was not frightened nor did he regret what he had done. He turned out the light, sat down, coolly filled his pipe, and began turning the affair over, detail, by detail, in his mind. He had, at least, followed Inspector MacGregor's injunction — he had followed his conscience. Hodges had got what he deserved, and he had saved a man and a woman.

But in spite of his first argument, he knew that MacGregor had not foreseen a tragedy of this sort, and that, in the eyes of the law, he was guilty of actively assisting in the flight of two people who could not possibly escape the penalty of justice—if caught. But they would not be caught. He assured himself of that, smiling grimly in the darkness. No one at Wekusko could explain what had happened. He was positive that the guard had not recognized him, and that he would think one of Thorpe's friends had effected the rescue. And MacGregor—

Philip chuckled as he thought of the condemning evidence in his possession, the strange orders which would mean dismissal for the inspector, and perhaps a greater punishment, if he divulged them. He would be safe in telling MacGregor something of what had occurred in the little cabin. And then, as he sat in this grim atmosphere of death, a thought came to him of M'sieur Janette's skull, of Bucky Nome and of the beautiful young wife at Lac Bain. If Mrs. Becker could know of this, too—if Bucky Nome, buried somewhere deep in the northern wilderness, could only see Hodges as he lay there, dead on the cabin floor! To the one it would be a still greater punishment, to the other a warning. And yet, even as he thought of the colonel's wife and of her flirtation with Nome, a vision of her face came to him again, filled with the marvelous sweetness, the purity, and the love which had enthralled him beside the camp-fire. In these moments it was almost impossible for him to convince himself that she had forgotten her dignity as a wife even for an hour. Could he have been mistaken? Had he looked at her with eyes heated by his own love, fired by jealousy? If she had smiled upon him instead of upon Bucky Nome, if her cheeks had flushed at his words, would he have thought that she had done wrong? As if in answer to his own questions, he saw again the white, tense face of the colonel, her husband, and he laughed harshly.

For several hours Philip remained in the shelter of Hodges' office. With early dawn he stole out into the forest, and a little later made his appearance in camp, saying that he had spent the night at Le Pas. Not until an hour later was it discovered that Hodges had been killed, the guard made prisoner, and that Thorpe and his wife were gone. Philip at once took charge of affairs and put a strain on his professional knowledge by declaring that Thorpe had undoubtedly fled into the north. Early in the afternoon he started in pursuit.

A dozen miles north of the Wekusko camp he swung at right angles to the west, traveled 15 miles, then cut a straight course south. It was three days later before he showed up at Le Pas, and learned that no one had seen or heard of Thorpe and his wife. Two days later he walked into MacGregor's office. The inspector fairly leaped from his chair to greet him.

"You got them, Steele!" he cried. "You got them after the mur—the killing of Hodges?"

Philip handed him a crumpled bit of paper.

"Those were your last instructions, sir," he replied quietly. "I followed them to the letter."

MacGregor read, and his face turned as white as the paper he held. "Good God!" he gasped.

He reeled rather than walked back to his desk, dropped into a chair and buried his face in his arms, his shoulders shaking like those of a sobbing boy. It was a long time before he looked up, and during these minutes Philip, with his head bowed low to the other, told him of all that had happened in the little room at Wekusko. But he did not say that it was he who had surprised the guard and released Thorpe and his wife.

At last MacGregor raised his head.

"Philip," he said, taking the young man's hand in his own, "since she was a little girl and I a big, strapping playmate of 19, I have loved her. She is the only girl—the only woman—I have ever loved. You understand? I am almost old enough to be her father. She was never intended for me. But things like this happen—sometimes, and when she came to plead with me the other day I almost yielded. That is why I chose you, warned you—"

He stopped, and a sob rose in his breast.

"And at last you did yield," said Philip.

The inspector gazed at him in silence. Then he said: "It was 10 years ago, on her seventeenth birthday, that I made her a present of a little silver-bound autograph book, and on the first page of that book I wrote the words which saved her husband—and her. Do you understand now, Philip? It was her last card, and she played it well."

He smiled faintly, and then said, as if to no one but himself, "God bless her!"

He looked down on the big, tawny head that was bowed again on the desk, and placed his hands on the other's shoulders.

"God bless her!" echoed Philip.

"You are not alone in your sorrows, Felix MacGregor," he said softly. "You asked me if I was beauty-proof. Yes, I am, and it is because of something like this, because of a face and a soul that have filled my heart, because of a woman that is not mine, and never can be mine, because of a love which ever burns, and must never be known—it is because of this that I am beauty-proof. God bless this little woman, MacGregor—and you—and I—will never ask where she has gone."

MacGregor's hand reached out and gripped his own in silence. In that hand-clasp there was sealed a pact between them, and Philip returned to his barracks room to write a letter, in care of his father, to the man and woman whom he had helped to escape into the south. He spent the greater part of that day writing. It was late in the afternoon that Moody came in with the mail.

"One for you, Phil," he said, tossing a letter on Philip's table. "Looks as though it had been through a war."

Philip picked up the letter as the sergeant left him. He dropped his pen with a low whistle. He could see at a glance that the letter had come an unusual journey. It was dirty and crumpled, and ragged at the ends—and then, on the back of it, he found written in ink, "Lac Bain." His fingers trembled as he read. His breath came in a gasping cry from between his lips, his face turned as white as the crumpled paper, and then, as suddenly, a flush of excitement leaped into his cheeks, replacing the pallor. His eyes seemed blinded before he had half finished the letter and his heart was pounding with suffocating force.

This is what he read:

My Dear Philip Steele:

Your letter, and the skull, came to us today. I thank God that chance brought me into my Isobel's room in time, or I fear for what might have happened. It was a terrible punishment, my dear Steele, for her—and for me. But I deserved it more than she. That very night—after Isobel left the table—she insisted that I explain. When I returned to the room below, you were gone. I waited, and then went to your cabin. You know why I did not find you. Steele, Isobel is not my wife. She is my daughter.

Mrs. Becker had planned to come with me to Lac Bain from Fort Churchill, and we wrote the factor to that effect. But we changed our plans. Mrs. Becker returned on the London ship, and Isobel came with me. In a spirit of fun she suggested that for the first few hours she be allowed to pass as—well, you understand. The joke was carried too far. When she met you—and Bucky Nome—it ceased to be a joke, and almost became a tragedy. For those few minutes before the fire Isobel used her disguise as a test. She came to me, before you joined us, and whispered to me that Nome was a scoundrel, and that she would punish him before the evening was over. In the short space of that evening she knew that she had met one of the most despicable blackguards in Nome, and one of the noblest of men in you. And not until she saw on you the effect of what she was doing did everything dawn fully upon her.

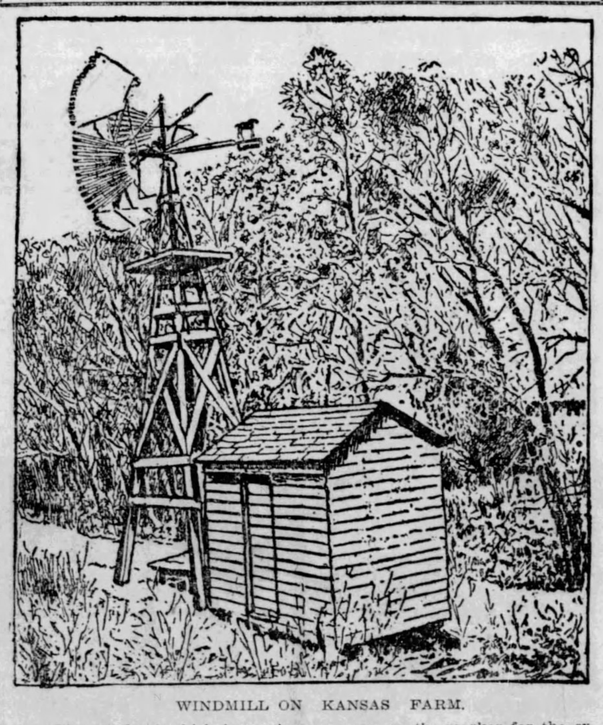
You know what happened. She left the table suddenly, overcome by shame and terror. When I returned later, and told her that I could not find you, it was impossible to comfort her. She lay in her bed crying all that night. I am telling you all this, because to me my daughter is one of the two most precious things on earth, the sweetest and purest little girl that ever breathed. I can not describe to you the effect upon her of the skull and the letter. Forgive us—forgive me. Some day we may meet again.

SYLVESTER BECKER.

Like one in a dream Philip picked up the torn envelope. Something dropped from it upon the table—a tiny cluster of violets that had been pressed and dried between the pages of a book, and when he took them in his fingers he found that their stems were tied with a single thread of golden hair!

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

THE CENTER OF THE UNITED STATES



WINDMILL ON KANSAS FARM.

The windmill which is serving unawares as the marker for the exact geographical center of the United States on the farm of Dell Lewis, ten miles north of Smith Center, Kansas.—Kansas City Star.

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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Once before Joe had interfered in similar fashion and secured the nomination of an assemblyman; and shortly after election he had grown to feel toward this assemblyman that he must have fed on the meat which rendered Caesar proud, as he became inaccessible to the ordinary mortals whose place of resort was Morton Hall. He eyed me warily for a short time to see if I was likely in this respect to follow in my predecessor's footsteps. Finding that I did not, he and all my other friends and supporters assumed toward me the very pleasantest attitude that it was possible to assume. They did not ask me for a thing. They accepted as a matter of course the view that I was absolutely straight and was trying to do the best I could in the legislature. They desired nothing except that I should make a success, and they supported me with hearty enthusiasm. I am a little at a loss to know quite how to express the quality in my relationship with Joe Murray and my other friends of this period which rendered that relationship so beneficial to me. When I went into politics at this time I was not conscious of going in with the set purpose to benefit other people, but of getting for myself a privilege to which I was entitled in common with other people. So it was in my relationship with these men. If there had lurked in the innermost recesses of my mind anywhere the thought that I was in some way a patron or a benefactor, or was doing something noble by taking part in politics, or that I expected the smallest consideration save what I could earn on my own merits, I am certain that somehow or other the existence of that feeling would have been known and resented. As a matter of fact, there was not the slightest temptation on my part to have any such feeling or any one of such feelings. I no more expected special consideration in politics than I would have expected in the boxing ring. I wished to act squarely to others, and I wished to be able to show that I could hold my own as against others. The attitude of my new friends toward me was first one of polite reserve, and then that of friendly allies: Afterwards I became admitted to comradeship, and then to leadership. I need hardly say how earnestly I believed that men should have a keen and lively sense of their obligations in politics, of their duty to help forward great causes, and to struggle for the betterment of conditions that are unjust to their fellows, the men and women who are less fortunate in life. But in addition to this feeling there must be a feeling of real fellowship with the other men and women engaged in the same task, fellowship of work, with fun to vary the work; for unless there is this feeling of fellowship, of common effort on an equal plane for a common end, it will be difficult to keep the relations wholesome and natural. To be patronized is as offensive as to be insulted. No one of us cares permanently to have someone else conscientiously striving to do him good; what we want is to work with that someone else for the good of both of us—any man will speedily find that other people can benefit him just as much as he can benefit them.

The Elemental Virtue.

Neither Joe Murray nor I nor any of our associates at that time were alive to social and industrial needs which we now all of us recognize. But we then had very clearly before our minds the need of practically applying certain elemental virtues, the virtue of honesty and efficiency in politics, the virtue of efficiency side by side with honesty in private and and public life alike, the virtues of consideration and fair dealing in business as between man and man, and especially as between the man who is an employer and the man who is an employe. On all fundamental questions Joe Murray and I thought alike. We never parted company excepting on the question of civil service reform, where he sincerely felt that I showed dogmatic affinities, that I sided with the Pharisees. We got back again into close relations as soon as I became police commissioner under Mayor Strong, for Joe was then made excise commissioner and was, I believe, the best excise commissioner the city of New York ever had. He is now a farmer, his boys have been through Columbia College, and he and I look at the questions, political, social and industrial, which confront us in 1913 from practically the same standpoint, just as we once looked at the questions that confronted us in 1881.

My Debt to Joe Murray.

There are many debts that I owe Joe Murray, and some for which he was only unconsciously responsible. I do not think that a man is fit to do good work in our American democracy unless he is able to have a genuine fellow-feeling for, understanding of, and sympathy with his fellow Americans whatever their creed or their birthplace, the section in which they live, or the work which they do, provided they possess the only kind of Americanism that really counts, the Americanism of the spirit. It was no small help to me in the effort to make myself a good citizen and good American, that the political associate with whom I was on closest and most intimate terms during my early years was a man born in Ireland, by creed a Catholic, with Joe Murray's upbringing; just as it helped me greatly at a later period to work for certain vitally necessary public needs with Arthur von Briesen, in whom the spirit of the "Acht-und-Verziger" idealists was embodied; just as my whole life was influenced by my long association with Jacob Riis, whom I am tempted to call the best American I ever knew, although he was already a young man when he came hither from Denmark.

I was elected to the legislature in the fall of 1881, and found myself the youngest man in that body. I was re-elected the two following years. Like all young men and inexperienced members, I had considerable difficulty in teaching myself to speak. I profited much by the advice of a hard-headed old countryman—who was unconsciously paraphrasing the Duke of Wellington who was himself doubtless paraphrasing somebody else. The advice ran: "Don't speak until you are sure you have something to say, and know just what it is; then say it and sit down."

My first days in the legislature were much like those of a boy in a strange school. My fellow legislators and I eyed one another with mutual distrust. Each of us chose his seat, each began by following the lead of some veteran in the first routine matters, and then, in a week or so, we began to drift into groups according to our several affinities. The legislature was Democratic. I was a Republican from the "silk stocking" district, the wealthiest district in New York, and I was put, as one of the minority members, on the committee on cities. I did not make any effort to get on, and, as far as I know, was put there merely because it was felt to be in accordance with the fitness of things.

A very short experience showed me that, as the legislature was then constituted, the so-called party contests had no interest whatever for me. There was no real party division on most of the things that were of concern in state politics, both Republicans and Democrats being for and against them. My friendships were made, not with regard to party lines, but because I found, and my friends found, that we had the same convictions on questions of principle and questions of policy. The only difference was that there was a larger proportion of these men among the Republicans than among the Democrats, and that it was easier for me at the outset to scrape acquaintance, among men who felt as I did, with the Republicans. They were for the most part from the country districts.

Billy O'Neil.

My closest friend for the three years I was there was Billy O'Neill, from the Adirondacks. He kept a small crossroads store. He was a young man, although a few years older than I was, and, like myself, had won his position without regard to the machine. He had thought he would like to be assemblyman, so he had taken his buggy and had driven around Franklin county visiting everybody, had upset the local ring, and came to the legislature as his own master. There is surely something in American traditions that does tend towards real democracy in spite of our faults and shortcomings. In most other countries two men of as different antecedents, ancestry, and surroundings as Billy O'Neill and I would have had far more difficulty in coming together I came from the biggest city in America and from the wealthiest ward of that city, and he from a backwoods county where he kept a store at a crossroads. In all the unimportant things we seemed far apart. But in all the important things we were close together. We looked at all questions from substantially the same viewpoint, and we stood shoulder to shoulder in every legislative fight during those three years. He abhorred demagogy just as he abhorred corruption. He had thought much on political problems; he admired Alexander Hamilton as much as I did, being a strong believer in a powerful national government; and we both of us differed from Alexander Hamilton in being stout adherents of Abraham Lincoln's views wherever the rights of the people were concerned. Any man who has met with success, if he will be frank with himself, must admit that there has been a big element of fortune in the success. Fortune favored me, whereas her hand was heavy against Billy O'Neill. All his life he had to strive hard to wring his bread from harsh surroundings and a reluctant fate; if fate had been but a little kinder, I believe he would have had a great political career; and he would have done good service for the country in any position in which he might have been put.

There were other Republicans, like Isaac Hunt and Jonas van Duzer and Walter Howe and Henry Sprague, who were among my close friends and allies; and a gigantic one-eyed veteran of the Civil War, a gallant General, Curtis from St. Lawrence county, and a capital fellow, whom afterwards, when governor, I put on the bench, Kruse, from Cattaraugus county. Kruse was a German by birth; as far as I know, the only German from Cattaraugus county at that time; and, besides being a German, he was also a Prohibitionist. Among the Democrats were Hamden Robb and Thomas Newbold, and Tom Welch of Niagara, who did a great service in getting the state to set aside Niagara Falls Park—after a discouraging experience with the first governor before whom we brought the bill, who listened with austere patience to our arguments in favor of the state establishing a park, and then conclusively answered us by the question, "But, gentlemen, why should we spend the people's money when just as much water will run over the falls without a park as with it?" Then there were a couple of members from New York and Brooklyn, Mike Costello and Pete Kelly.

Mike Costello.

Mike Costello had been elected as a Tammany man. He was as fearless as he was honest. He came from Ireland, and had accepted the Tammany Fourth of July orations as indicating the real attitude of that organization towards the rights of the people. A month or two in Albany converted him to a profound distrust of applied Tammany methods. He and I worked hand in hand with equal indifference to our local machines. His machine leaders warned him fairly that they would throw him out at the next election, which they did; but he possessed a seasoned hickory toughness of ability to contend with adverse circumstances, and kept his head well above water. A better citizen does not exist; and our friendship has never faltered.

Peter Kelly.

Peter Kelly's fate was a tragedy. He was a bright, well-educated young fellow, an ardent believer in Henry George. At the beginning he and I failed to understand each other or to get on together, for our theories of government were radically opposed. After a couple of months spent in active contests with men whose theories had nothing whatever to do with their practices, Kelly and I found in our turn that it really did not make much difference what our abstract theories were on questions that were not before the legislature, in view of the fact that on the actual matters before the legislature, the most important of which involved questions of elementary morality, we were heartily at one. We began to vote together and act together, and by the end of the session found that in all practical matters that were up for action we thought together. Indeed, each of us was beginning to change his theories, so that even in theory we were coming closer together. He was ardent and generous; he was a young lawyer, with a wife and children, whose ambition had tempted him into politics, and who had been befriended by the local bosses under the belief that they could count upon him for anything they really wished.

Unfortunately, what they really wished was often corrupt. Kelly defied them, fought the battles of the people with ardor and good faith, and when the bosses refused him a renomination, he appealed from them to the people. When we both came up for re-election, I won easily in my district, where circumstances conspired to favor me; and Kelly, with exactly the same record that Neal, except that it was more creditable because he took his stand against greater odds, was beaten in his district. Defeat to me would have meant merely chagrin; to Kelly it meant terrible material disaster. He had no money. Like every rigidly honest man, he had found that going into politics was expensive, and that his salary as assemblyman did not cover the financial outgo. He had lost his practice and he had incurred the ill will of the powerful, so that it was impossible at the moment to pick up his practice again; and the worry and disappointment affected him so much that shortly after election he was struck down by sickness. Just before Christmas some of us were informed that Kelly was in such financial straits that he and his family would be put out into the street before New Year. This was prevented by the action of some of his friends who had served with him in the legislature, and he recovered, at least to a degree, and took up the practice of his profession. But he was a broken man. In the legislature in which he served one of his fellow-Democrats from Brooklyn was the speaker—Alfred C. Chapin, the leader and the foremost representative of the reform Democracy, whom Kelly zealously supported. A few years later Chapin, a very able man, was elected mayor of Brooklyn on a reform Democratic ticket. Shortly after his election I was asked to speak at a meeting in a Brooklyn club at which various prominent citizens, including the mayor, were present. I spoke on civic decency, and toward the close of my speech I sketched Kelly's career for my audience, told them how he had stood up for the rights of the people of Brooklyn, and how the people had failed to stand up for him, and the way he had been punished, precisely because he had been a good citizen who acted as a good citizen should act. I ended by saying that the reform Democracy had now come into power, that Mr. Chapin was mayor and that I very earnestly hoped recognition would at last be given to Kelly for the fight he had waged at such bitter cost to himself. My words created some impression, and Mayor Chapin at once said that he would take care of Kelly and see that justice was done him. I went home that evening much pleased. In the morning, at breakfast, I received a brief note from Chapin in these words: "It was 9 last evening when you finished speaking of what Kelly had done, and when I said that I would take care of him. At 10 last night Kelly died." He had been dying while I was making my speech, and he never knew that at last there was to be a tardy recognition of what he had done, a tardy justification for the sacrifices he had made. The man had fought, at heavy cost to himself and with entire disinterestedness, for popular rights; but no recognition for what he had done had come to him from the people, whose interest he had so manfully upheld.

When the South Put Itself in Pawn

Clark Howell in the Century Magazine.

IT was in 1865 that the South began to put itself in pawn. Only within the last two decades has it been able to redeem the pledge. In 1860 the South was arrested in full progress toward an era of wealth that might have touched new records for territories of similar size. Not only did it possess the wonderful asset of cotton, but, as has been shown, it was giving indications of a new and wonderful industrial expansion.

Measured in statistics, the South then possessed property assessed at $5,200,000,000. In 1870, five years after the war's close, its assessed values were reduced to $3,064,000,000. These astounding totals enable us only partially to visualize the actual loss. For to the loss of money must be added the tremendous loss of population from war, its pestilence, and the tremendous emigration that followed upon Appomattox, hundreds of thousands of the ablest men in the section believing it was best to leave a land predestined to ruin, and to take up life in some more hopeful locality.

There was very little gold left in the south after the war, some of that little being owned by blockade runners, and some by men who were more prudent than patriotic, and who had hoarded. There was also a modicum of unconfiscated cotton remaining, and its sale helped a trifle. It should be said here that, in the first desperate effort of getting the south on its feet, hundreds of those who had been sufficiently fortunate to get their hands on currency extended a helping hand to friends not so happily placed. These instances were exceptional, however. The section, as a community, was bankrupt.

It was cotton that furnished the primary step toward rehabilitation, though it carried also a curse and a penalty. The crop of 1865-1866 was 2,269,000 bales. It brought about half a billion dollars, since prices ranged around 43 cents a pound. Until the panic of 1873-74, prices were uniformly high. The situation was saved for the moment, because these returns formed the basis for the reorganization of banking. Cotton did it, but let us see at what price, because that is important in connection with the final rehabilitation.

Under the Yoke.

Here and there were a few native bankers and merchants who maintained such friendly relations with their former Northern connections that it was not difficult to obtain credit with which to begin the work of restoration.

But, even in such cases, the South was considered so poor a risk, financially speaking, that exorbitant interest was charged for credit, and this tax was, of course, visited in turn upon the farmer. Shortly after the war, and during the entire reconstruction period swarms of money lenders infested the South extending credit, wholly on cotton. It must be said that many of the lending agencies were of legitimate Southern origin, and that their dealings with the Southern farmer were as liberal as could be expected under such revolutionary conditions. Almost the invariable rule was to mortgage the anticipated crop of cotton for money, implements and stock wherewith to start the farm going. And again, as a rule, the mortgage was secured often by a lien on the land itself, sometimes merely on the crop. The procedure varied in different states and in different counties in the various states.

It will be seen that the South, from the moment it began the work of restoration, was doing business on credit. It pledged its main collateral, cotton, in the markets of the world—but the rate it paid was frequently usurious. This borrowing process extended from the banker, through the wholesaler to the retailer and the smallest country merchant, down to the farmer. Stocks of goods were replenished on "sky high" credit, and these stocks were again sold to large and small farmers on a more staggering credit. Cotton (save where tobacco, rice and sugar helped) bore the main burden.

Early Day of Sanitation

TO Dr. Richard Mead, who was in consultation at the deathbed of Queen Anne, and became physician to George I., was due the credit of having first established quarantine. In 1721, when the plague ravaged Marseilles, and its contagious origin was discredited, Dr. Mead declared the plague to be a "contagious distemper," and a quarantine was enjoined. He also proposed a system of medical police, which finds its counterpart in the health officers of today. It was he who declared: "As nastiness is a great source of infection, so cleanliness is the greatest preventative. He it was who said nearly 200 years ago: "If there be any Contagious Distemper in the Ship: the Sound men should leave their cloaths, which should be burnt; the men washed and shaved; and having fresh Cloaths, should stay in Lazaretto (that is, guarantine) thirty to forty days. The reason for this is, because Persons may be recovered from a Disease themselves and yet retain matter of Infection about them a considerable time." In practice Mead was without a rival, his receipts averaging for several years between £6,000 and £7,000, an enormous sum in relation to the value of money at that period. He possessed a rare taste for collecting; but his books, his statues, his medals were not to amuse only his own leisure; the humble student, the unrecommended foreigner, the poor inquirer derived as much enjoyment from these treasures as their owner. At this table might be seen the most eminent men of the age. Pope was a ready guest, and the delicate poet was sure to be regaled with his favorite dish of sweetbreads.

Tempting the Buyer.

Modern Miller.

"Advertising flour from 'selected' wheat in order to tempt the public is a good deal like the colored man's hot pies," says a miler in commenting on a bargain flour advertisement. "The colored man shouted, 'Hot pies! Hot pies!' And a hungry colored brother who bought one found it stone cold. In answer to his complaint the seller said: 'Why, dat's de name of de pie.'"

Correcting a Husband.

Metropolitan Magazine.

A colored woman went to the pastor of her church the other day to complain of the conduct of her husband, who, she said, was a low down, worthless, trifling fellow. After listening to the long recital of the delinquencies of her neglectful spouse and her efforts to correct them the minister said: "Have you ever tried heaping coals of fire upon his head?"

"No," was the reply, "but I done tried hot water."

Abe Martin

A woman kin vote in Alasky, but she's got t' have a sealskin coat if she wants t' hang around th' polls.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

A Romance of the Sea

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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CHAPTER XII—(Continued.)

As they drew nearer the shore, and rose them to the eye, many of the reefs protruded, and the passage grew more and more ugly. Dog teeth of rock suddenly bit their way through smooth oily surfaces of the water, and as suddenly were sheathed, and in other places smooth whaleback of sand were for a moment uplifted and as quickly eclipsed.

"It isn't what you see in this beastly channel," Sir George muttered to his sister, "as what you don't see, that make the real dangers."

"It's a regular maze," Violet agreed. "I can't think how any one can thread it. What would happen, do you suppose, if we touched?"

"The odds are, I should say, the swell would break her back within five minutes, and we should either have to try the hotels on shore, or try a cruise in the boats. Beginning to be sorry you came, old lady?"

"I wouldn't miss it for a new set of furs. But if we're anxious, what must anyone responsible be?"

"If you mean the skipper, I've just walked forrard till I could get a look up at him. He's stuck there on the upper bridge looking like a graven image. The man at the wheel's got his eyes about a foot out of his head, and that fellow Smith that he's given brevet rank to as third mate, is hanging on the engine-room telegraph as though it was the only friend he'd left on earth. I took a look down the engine room skylight as I passed, and saw the old chief caressing the throttle with his own fair fingers, and the great McTodd in pairson standing by the reversing gear. Oh! I tell you, Violet, everybody's quite up to the importance of what's going on, and ready to do every inch he knows if he's called upon. Great Scott! what's that? Pooh, it was only the backwash of that surf hitting her. By the way the old tub trembled, I thought she'd bumped on a rock."

In and out, first to starboard and then to port, the Wangaroo was danced, as the record of the hidden channel unreeled itself from Captain Kettle's brain, and was transmitted per orders and human hands to the powers that governed her. Twice an angle was too acute for her to turn in her stride, and Kettle had to send her hard astern on a reversed helm to get her round.

And up one narrow zigzag he backed boldly for a whole half-mile, with only a narrow canal of deep water to allow for mistakes, and spouting reefs on either beam ready to account for the smallest error of judgment or performance. But still I object to the word daring. It was merely an exhibition of iron nerve accompanied by perfect skill.

The water grew smoother as they crept inside the shelter of the outer reefs, and the channel grew more intricate.

"I swear no steamboat could have dodged in here," said Sir George, after Kettle had taken the Wangaroo through a particularly intricate figure of eight, "without engines and a human crew to help her."

"The answer to that statement is that she did," retorted his sister. "What I can't understand is how any man can store up in his head all these little bits of distances, and changes of time, without a mark to help him except those half dozen trumpery buoys, and with prompt shipwreck as a penalty for the least mistake."

"To which I remark" was the brotherly reply, "that your own pet idol is doing it this minute before your very attractive eyes, so don't talk rot. Don't you think you'd better go below and get the steward to give you a cup of tea?"

"I do not in the least. But I suppose that's an intimation that you think we're getting to the end of the trip, and that once round the corner our African brothers may shoot at us."

"Yes—by gad, though, Violet, I didn't know we were so close. There's the Norman Towers opening out from behind that bluff. Did you ever see anything coated with a more flawless coat of rust? By gad, look out!"

Instinctively Sir George stepped in front of his sister, who just as instinctively took hold of his loose, baggy, old shooting coat by the rear to drag him aside.

Then there came to them the shattering roar of a brass gun, loaded with black powder, and fired at close quarters, the crash of a stone shot impacting on iron plates, and presently the tinkle of the gravel to which the shot had been reduced, dropping down upon their heads and into the water alongside, in a miniature hail storm.

Sir George glanced up at the upper bridge. The little sailor, binoculars in hand, cold cigar between his teeth, was standing there unruffled, and fully occupied in his pilotage.

CHAPTER XIII.

Saint M. Bergash, B. A.

Sir George Chesterman put down the glasses and relighted his pipe. "I'm hanged if I can make out those heaps of chocolate-colored stone you told us about, Skipper. There's the cliff all right that you said they were quarrying from, but the shore below it is swept as clean as the floor of a ballroom."

"Yes, sir. That's one of the things that's bothering me a good deal."

"And I suppose the other is: Where have our dusky friends all bolted to? They bang off their tin cannon at us just as might have been expected, and then, instead of putting up the battle which one might reasonably suppose ought to follow, they calmly vanish. D'you suppose they're just lying doggo under decks till we are kind enough to call?"

"It's possible, sir."

"With their pockets full of paving stones, the aforesaid, to fire at us when we pull alongside? By the way, could they have pocketed all the stone you saw?"

"No, sir, certainly not. There must have been thousands of tons of it. They were working, working day after day, many hundreds of them. Indeed, the more I think of it the more I am convinced the heaps didn't grow as they ought to have done."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"It almost seems as if they must have been carting it away under cover of night while we were hanging about here in the surf-boat, and then as soon as our backs are turned, off goes the rest of it. As you say sir, the beach now is swept as clear as a chapel floor over all the space behind the Towers and up to the foot of the cliff."

"Well," said Sir George, "they can't have evaporated into thin air, all of them. Suppose we just sit down and smoke for half an hour, and see if we can't spot someone peeping at us either from the steamer or behind some bit of cover on the land side?"

"With ladies to take care of here on board," said Captain Kettle with a sigh, "that's the best thing we can do. We must move very cautious. We can't afford to take the usual men's risks."

So they set to work with binoculars and telescopes to search for what they could find.

On the Atlantic side the scheme of the land and seascape was simple enough. There was a long, straggling row of reefs and islets, noisy on the outer edges with a white frill of surf, and apparently tenanted only by seafowl. A Moor or two might certainly have been hidden in unseen folds of the larger dunes, but themode of their ferriage across the lagoon was not apparent, and it was hardily likely they would have cut themselves adrift from any possible base.

Africa, on the other side of the lagoon, presented in that latitude an edge as straight as if it had been ruled, with the one exception of a small curved peninsula like a human fist and arm, mainly of chocolate-colored rock, which was thrust out into the lagoon, and in the hollow of this, the crook of the arm, so to speak, the Norman Towers was harbored. Beyond the straight edge of the hot yellow beach lay dunes of sand which bristled here and there with clumps of dry gray grass.

"I can see birds running in and out of those grass tufts," said Kettle, peering through his long, old-fashioned ship's telescope. "They don't seem worried. They aren't attempting to fly. That shows there's no men about."

"Here's where I come in," said Sir George with a laugh. "Those are Barbary partridge, and about the most

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

unsporting game bird to shoot at on the face of Africa. You have almost to kick them up before they'll rise to be comfortably shot. Try further, Skipper."

The heads of live-oaks and argan-trees showed beyond the dunes, stretching over a wide, flat, and then there were scrub-clad foothills, and then steeper slopes that ran back into colossal mountains.

"The Atlas, I suppose, those big humps at the back," said Sir George.

"Don't know, sir. I'm a sailor, and my geography doesn't go inland past the beach."

"I think all the big mountains that run out to the Atlantic about here belong to the Atlas range or one of its spurs. Is that cloud up at the top there, do you suppose, or snow?"

"It might be either."

"And there may be villages to any extent, or even towns for that matter, tucked away out of our sight in the valleys and folds of that range, and we should be none the wiser. I'm afraid, Skipper, we can't trace the barracks of your black regiment by merely staring at the countryside."

"Just take a line, sir, please, over that palm tree with the stem like a catapult. D'ye call that blue haze just a bit of heat mist, or is it cooking smoke?"

The sailor stared and his employer stared, and again they decided that it might be either."

"If you very knowing people," said Violet Chesterman, "will bring your eyes nearer home and take a look at the partridges again, you'll see they're all tending to run one way, and that's north. And those dotty little things among them are quail, I suppose."

"And by gad, Skipper, look there; did you see that? And he was heading north, too."

"I saw a big animal, sir."

"Moroccan wild boars, and bolting like a good-un, wasn't he? Now his eminence, the pig, doesn't run out of the way of one man, nor, if he's that way out, will he sometimes shift for forty. I should say there's distinct reason to expect visitors presently down at the southern end of the beach.

"That's at the back of the Norman Towers, where they were before. Almost looks as if the first comers had padded a good hard road to that point, and late callers stick to the same track. Well, it will simplify matters if they make a rule of that."

"The range from here to there is—say, four hundred and fifty—or perhaps five hundred yards. Shooting will be a bit difficult across sand in this heat, because of the refraction, but we ought to get on to the target after a shot or two. What do you say if we point out when they begin to arrive that we regard this section of the continent as part of the British empire, and that this isn't our at-home day?" remembering," said Captain Kettle patiently, "that we've got ladies on board and can't afford to make mistakes. I know it means we shall miss some fun. But I want them to be allowed to make the first moves."

"Then," said Sir George, "that puts my rifle out of action for the time being, and, by the speaker's eye, there's the mark.

There cantered out from behind the shoulder of a dune twenty splendid barbaric cavalrymen. Of the two who rode first, one obviously an inferior, carried a white napkin blowing out from the end of his long gun-barrel, and the other alongside him was in command. They halted and for a moment regarded the rusting Norman Towers. Captain Kettle with some quick instinct of defiance (in spite of the words he had just uttered) laid hold of the Wangaroo's siren string, and after a preliminary cough or two, to clear its throat, blew out a deep, sonorous blast. The troop leader turned to his men, and through the glasses Sir George could see him laugh. Then he touched his horse with the sharp corners of his stirrup-irons and galloped north up the beach alone, without flag of truce, without escort.

Abreast of the Wangaroo he reined up, and his black stallion stood with fore feet at the water's edge and hind hoofs straddled out backward, as though it had been trained for the show ring. The rider brought up a hand to his headgear in salute, dropped it, dropped his reins and sat there under the sunshine like a man carved out of iron.

"Wants to talk, I guess," Said Captain Kettle. "I wonder what's his little game. Doesn't seem to have any idea that we might shoot him either."

"Well, you can't bawl at him across this distance. Besides, it's too hot for shouting. It would be interesting to hear what he's got to say. I lay a pound to a brick he'll start to prove that he's got no connection with the other darkies who whanged at us with the brass gun."

"He's a very splendid-looking man," said Violet from behind a pair of binoculars. "And anyway, there's only one of him, so you needn't be afraid."

"Yes, I'm afraid all right, miss," said Captain Kettle grimly. "But we'll interview the gentleman for all that, if we can rake up any language among us that the other can understand. Mr. Smith?"

"Sir?"

"Call away that port quarter-boat and fetch off that man from the beach."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"During the interval, Captain, let me give you a cup of tea," said Violet. "The steward makes it himself now, so I can guarantee it's not been boiled more than half an hour. You needn't look anxious, George. That's an ambassador on the beach there, and while negotiations last there'll be a truce. Afterward it may possibly be 'battle continued.' So let's drink tea while we may and be thankful for the cook's new biscuit."

"Slamma," said Kettle.

"Aleikoom slamma," said the visitor.

Captain Kettle reeled off a sentence or two to the effect that the day was fine, hospitality was waiting and Allah was in His Heaven. In the original it was a fine sonorous phrase, but as the little sailor had picked it up from the Mecca pilgrim touts in Jeddah, half the words were very much debased Arabic, and the rest were made up of assorted unknown dialects.

However, it was all one to the visitor. He laughed and shook his head. "I'm sorry," said he in English, "but I'm a poor linguist. I didn't know you were Portuguese."

"By James!" thundered Captain Kettle, "if any man takes me for less than I am I'll kill him. And so you speak English?"

The visitor lifted his eyebrows. "I really don't see why not. I know you islanders think you monopolize the whole earth, but I never knew that you objected to share out your language."

The man spoke with a quiet educated voice without any effort and without accent. By this time the other two at the tea-table had got over their surprise, and Sir George got up and walked across.

"I'm sure," he said, "you'll pardon Captain Kettle's natural surprise. But really you look the Moor to the life in that kit, and anyone might make a mistake. My name's Chesterman. Will you come and be introduced to my sister and have some tea?"

The visitor bowed. He had just the knack of an English gentleman's bow, not too much, not too stiff, and not in any way to be mistaken for the bow of other nations. And then he sat himself and his white draperies very comfortably in a big Madeira chair, and crossed his red leather riding boots and took up the cup that was offered him.

"The taste of this will come back like an old memory," said he. "We use green tea, you know, down here, and take it with green mint and a lot of sugar."

"I tried it once in Tangier," said Violet. "We ran over there for the day from Gibraltar. I don't think I could ever get used to it. Have you really come to like it?"

"I was brought up to the taste, you see."

"Then have you been out here a long time?"

"Ever since I came down from Cambridge, with an interlude once of a week also in Gibraltar. I took a pony over there to race."

"Then have you—I mean are you—" the usually glib Miss Chesterman was at a loss for a way to put it. It dawned on her that this visitor in the Moorish clothes, head-gear bound round with camel's-hair rope, gold-sheathed hooked dagger hung over one shoulder, gold mounted pistol over the other, this man from the interior of Africa was English. Come to notice him more closely, his hair and his beard were brown, and his eyes were blue and, though his complexion was somewhat dark, that, of course, was the sun. And, anyway, many southern Europeans were far darker than he. He was an Englishman and a Cambridge man, and he had kicked over the traces somehow at home and discreetly vanished into the mysteries of Africa. Those, it flashed across her, were the outstanding points of his biography. "Do you like the country in there?" she asked as a compromise.

"It has its points. But then, perhaps, I'm prejudiced. You see, I am used to it."

"I said," put in Captain Kettle pointedly, "from the very first moment I saw the way those niggers were being handled on the Norman Towers that there was a white man in it at the back of this business somewhere."

"So?" said the visitor with polite indifference.

"I was up at Cambridge," said Sir George. "Clare was my shop. But I should be a lot senior to you," and he mentioned his year.

"By Jove!" said the visitor, "that's a queer coincidence. I was next door to you, at the Hall. But I didn't go up till two years after you came down. Funny place, Cambridge. I took up Arabic for my special, and they plowed me and mainly on my accent, too, I'll trouble you. But I stuck to it, and got a B. A. all right—took pol. econ. Lord, I wonder what it would feel like going back to take one's Master's."

"I can tell you. I took mine. You meet only gyps and tradespeople and bedmakers that you know, and you wonder why all the dons are all so dirty, and the undergraduates are all such babes. The only decent man I met up there that I'd known before was old Heber, the pawnbroker. I took him to the Bull and dined him, and he gave me all the news."

"I've often regretted," said the visitor, "that I never pawned anything when I was in England, so that I could look back and know how it was done. Going to a pawnbroker's when I was at Charterhouse, was, for some reason or other, considered bad form. They were awfully narrow in some ways. And I'm afraid some of the Charterhouse superstition stuck to me even after I'd rubbed about at the Hall."

"All the public schools have their fads," Sir George admitted. "That's why we pay two hundred pounds a year for the privilege of going to them. So you were at Charterhouse? I wonder if you were there with my cousin Fred?"

"Fred Chesterman? I should think I was. Not that I knew him. He was a big chap in the sixth when I was a wretched little shaver at the bottom end of the lower school. But he was a great god of mine. He was the school soccer captain my first year, and fired me with ambition to play association football. I didn't do so badly either; got into the school team, and played for the Hall for the matter of that, though they were no good; but I never managed to get my blue, which was the real thing I was keen on. Sorry, Miss Chesterman, for boring you with all this school-boy shop. But I haven't had a chance of letting out for a lot of years, and, really, your brother led me on."

"I beg your pardon," said Captain Kettle, "but were you born in England?"

"I was not. Clare did a big line in cricket, if I remember my records right, about the time you were up."

"I think Clare's always been a big cricket and rugger college," said Sir George, "just the same as the Hall put in most of its time at the boats. Rowing was my line, though, and that is the reason, I suppose, why I've rather run to flesh. That's the usual fate of the rowing man when he comes down."

Away they went once more on Cambridge shop. Violet putting in her word now and then, and Captain Kettle, who felt outside this circle, trying his best not to glower too openly. The little sailor, it must be remembered, was holding his first command, and the weight of it rode heavily on him; but always throughout his life it is on record that the business of his owners came first, and social pleasures a bad second. This easy-mannered visitor was, in Kettle's opinion, a good deal too clever in his conversation to be entirely wholesome, and, in fact, he had felt a natural antagonism toward him from the first moment of the man's stepping on board. If he had had only his own sentiments to consider, he would have thrown him neck and crop over the side. But, as it was, in his own phrase he felt himself in a clove-hitch. The policy that he himself felt to be for his owner's good was exactly opposed to the policy that the owner was obviously prepared to take, and Kettle felt that never was young shipmaster on the horns of a more cruel dilemma.

But at the risk of offending, Captain Kettle doggedly followed up his points when he saw a chance.

"Have you lived here a long time?" he asked when the next lull came.

"Some people might call it long," the visitor replied with easy indifference, and went on to discuss with Sir George the nice point of introducing Hungarian partridges to stir up the local Barbary bird.

"Of course, it's a toss-up if they'd cross," said Sir George.

"And I should make myself very unpopular with my neighbors if I produced a fowl that could fly. The sportsman hereabouts goes out with a gun six feet long, and waits half a day till he gets three partridges in a row on the ground, and then lets drive at them. You see the breech-loading shotgun isn't a common object of the countryside in this part of the world. In fact, my own are probably the only pair of 12-bore ejectors in this part of Africa. Purdy built them for me before I came out, and I tell you I had a very awkward job of it smuggling them into the country, in spite of the fact that I've got, of course, a bit of personal pull."

"The worst of buying those Hungarian partridge eggs is that I believe fully 90 per cent of them are poached," remarked Sir George.

"Then, if that's the case, the experiment as far as I'm concerned must drop. We're a pretty lawless crew out here over game laws, but if one hears of a man preserving, whether its in Hungary or Norfolk, one naturally feels bound in common decency to back him up. But I suppose one could get eggs legitimately produced on a proper game farm if one was prepared to pay for them."

"Certainly. Of course, pheasants' eggs are their principal product at those places. By the way, why not try pheasants? You've plenty of cover, and if the partridges can find food, they should, too. You ought to get fine rocketing shots if you had rides cut in the proper places among some of those steep woods."

The visitor laughed and stretched out his hands. He had small and beautifully shaped hands, and they were very carefully kept.

"You must remember we're rather out of the world down here, and there's a good lump of the Atlas and a number of very unfriendly people between here and Mogador, which is our nearest steamer port. I have tried importing pheasants' eggs there several times, as it happens. I calculated the date the boat would arrive, and had relays of men strung out between here and there to run them along without delay; but as each time the experiment has been a fizzle, one gets a bit discouraged. You see, it takes a couple of hundred men and a good deal of organization to string out one's line of runners."

Sir George Chesterman stared. This broken-down university man, whom he was prepared rather to pity and was open to help, was evidently a person of some local position. He had not spoken in the least boastfully; in fact, the egg tale had been told with the humorous touch that a man usually does give to a story that is told against himself. What on earth could be his history?

Captain Kettle took advantage of the lull, and followed his subject doggedly.

"Then one might take it you lived here?"

"One might." — The words were a trifle offensive, but a smile took the edge from them.

"A local landowner, in fact?"

"Oh, I think I am."

Captain Kettle could have shaken Sir George and Miss Chesterman just then. Why did they not back him up in his search for sound information, instead of turning the conversation back to what (he considered) were further inanities?

"I suppose you brew your own powder and make your own shot here up-country?" asked Sir George.

"Most of them do. All the big tribes in Atlas have their own powder mills, and when we run out of bullets we mine lead and do a bit of smelting. But for Winchesters we import cartridges, and I'm afraid I'm extravagant enough to do the same for my shot-gun ammunition. Kynochs would probably be surprised to know that their cartridges cost about 18 pence apiece by the time they reach me here. But then, of course, you jealous nations outside are to blame. You put up an absurd interfering law making it an offense to import Arms of Precision into this part of Africa, and as you have your warships to back you up, and we are not naval folks, cartridges cost us about seven pounds a hundred instead of some 10 shillings. But, of course, we get them all the same if we like to pay."

"You take it easily. It's that small item of paying that makes things so hard for some of us."

The visitor laughed. "I apologize. I should have remembered. Here for—well, for us—you see, it's only a case of sending out a handful of one's men to do a bit of mining, and the gold slugs trickle out to the coast and come back as coin. We don't show riches in this country; it's not particularly safe to do that; but it's quite as well to have them within reach, and I suppose it is all the world over."

"Then, if you're a well-off man," said Captain Kettle acidly, "may I ask what you are after the Norman Towers for?"

This time there was no doubt about the visitor's dislike. Hate for an instant gleamed out of his blue eyes, and was as quickly veiled. But he did not pretend to infuse cordiality into his voice.

"My good Captain Whatever-your-name-is, I don't want your wreck. And by the way, now we are on the subject, you might kindly tell me, is she yours?"

"My owner has bought all the rights in her from the Lloyds."

"Ah, Lloyds! An eminent corporation in London, I believe? Then you had better get Lloyds to give you delivery of your bargain."

"Won't you?"

"I? What on earth have I to do with it? I'll give you a piece of local information, if you like, not that I imagine for a moment that it will satisfy you. The law of Lloyds, for anything I know, travels over the seas that Lloyds control. But their writ's not different law. Local custom, here, different view. Local custom, here, south of the Atlas, says that jetsam on any beach belongs to the beach's owner."

"You can't uphold such a rule?"

The visitor shrugged his shoulders. "Possibly. At any rate, I'm not going to try. You say she's your steamer. In that case you'd better take her away—if you can. She doesn't interest me, and I'm not going to burn my fingers over your affairs. Why, who is—'

The visitor stood to his feet and bowed, and turned down his glance. Miss Dubbs had come on deck, handsome in face, opulent in hair and figure.

"You!" said Miss Dubbs.

The visitor looked up quickly but was plainly puzzled. "I'm afraid I've forgotten, madam."

"I should never forget your eyes, though I was only a little girl at the time, Mr. Bergash. Perhaps you'll remember me when I tell you I put sticking plaster on your face where you cut it after your bicycle threw you into father's front gate. You've got the scar there over the cheekbone I see. And what of the other gentleman who called you 'Saint?'"

"Oh, he's come to a bad end! He's an attache at one of the fashionable British embassies somewhere in Europe." He turned to the others "Perhaps I'd better introduce myself I'm Sidi Mohammed Bergash. I can't help the saintship," he added whimsically. "That descended to me."

"Then you're a Moorish chief—or schaick—or whatever you call it?"

"No, sir. Very much the reverse. I'm a Berber, as my fathers have been for a matter of three thousand years in spite of various attempts by Romans, and Saracens, and Moors, and these parvenu nations to conquer us. And I'm kaid of that country up there in those mountains."

(To Be Continued.)

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These pretty little fowls originated in England, but their real progress in color and type began when they were imported and adopted by American fanciers. Now many good specimens have been sent back to England. These fowls weigh from 26 to 30 ounces for males and 24 to 26 ounces for females. Their striking black and white coloration and diminutive size make them favorites at first glance. The hens lay well, set and raise the chicks, and as mothers are not excelled even by the famous Cochin Bantams.

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Many persons suffer from poor memory who never suspect coffee has anything to do with it.

The drug—caffeine—in coffee, acts injuriously on the nerves and heart, causing imperfect circulation, too much blood in the brain at one time, too little in another part. This often causes a dullness which makes a good memory nearly impossible.

"I am nearly 70 years old and did not know that coffee was the cause of the stomach and heart trouble I suffered from for many years, until about four years ago, writes a Kans. woman.

"A kind neighbor induced me to quit coffee and try Postum. I had been suffering severely and was greatly reduced in flesh. After using Postum a little while I found myself improving. My heart beats became regular and now I seldom ever notice any symptoms of my old stomach trouble at all. My nerves are steady and my memory decidedly better than while I was using coffee.

"I like the taste of Postum fully as well as coffee."

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A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

Wild Ducks.

I heard the wild ducks passing in the night,
From shadowy skies their call came dimly down,
And the soft magic of their yearning flight
Swept the dull spaces of the sleeping town.

Into my chamber came the breath of spring,
Pregnant with promise from awakening buds;
Into my heart came fancies, billowing
With the glad rhythm of sun-loosened floods.

I saw the wind-blown crocus on the hills,
With the fresh starring of anemones
Heard the thin laughter that the brown brook trills,
Under the shelter of low-stooping trees.

A car clanged distantly. Across the way
A drowsy watchman waked with sudden fright,
On the dim court a soft enchantment lay.
I heard the wild ducks passing in the night.

—Rose Henderson.

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

Will some reader kindly tell me the proper time to pick ducks and geese?—S., New York.

I desire to know if anybody can give a recipe for coating nails to prevent rust when they are stored away. Would like something not too expensive.—M., Beardstown, N. Y.

Will someone kindly tell me how to dry green beans for winter use?—Mrs. B., West Union, O.

I wish some reader would kindly give me a remedy for lampers. My 3-year-old colt is troubled with the disease. Also tell what is wrong with my hens. They are hearty and appear to be healthy, but they are crippled in their legs and walk like one does on stilts. I cannot see anything wrong with them that would cause the lameness.—F., W. Va.

Alfalfa in Ohio.

The Alfalfa Growers' Association, which was organized in Mechanichsburg, Ohio, May 28, was attended by more than 2,500 farmers. The object of the association is to make alfalfa a great staple crop in Ohio. Alfalfa is revolutionizing Ohio agriculture; it is the trademark of agricultural prosperity, a sure sign of soil fertility and the emblem of progress," declared Prof. Homer C. Price, of the department of rural economists of the Ohio State University. "If alfalfa can be grown on every farm in Ohio it will do more for agriculture than any other thing—and it can be grown successfully," Prof. Price declared.

Alfalfa Culture.

As with all crops new to the farmer or local conditions, there is much to be learned about alfalfa before it can be successfully produced. The nature of the plant must be carefully considered and its habits of growth, its needs in the way of plant food, the soils best suited to it, and its cultural requirements.

One of the chief causes for alfalfa failures is that the young plants are crowded out by weeds. To guard against that the land must be gotten into the best possible condition by keeping it free from weeds during the season previous to alfalfa sowing. A corn crop well tilled before alfalfa is good. If the land is handled in this manner spring sowing will probably bring best results. The main objection to early sowing is that usually the weeds will get the start of the alfalfa and crowd it out.

The best method for summer seeding is with a drill set to run as shallow as possible. If for any reason drilling is not possible sow the seed broadcast and harrow in lightly. The seed is so small that it is important not to plant too deep. Eighteen to 20 pounds of seed are required per acre. If the drill can not be adjusted to sow this small amount the plan of mixing coarse corn meal to increase the bulk has proven satisfactory. If thoroughly mixed an even stand can be secured.

The inoculation of the soil for alfalfa seems to cause a great deal of trouble. There are several methods of inoculation. The most satisfactory one is applying 200 or 300 pounds per acre of soil from a field where alfalfa has been successfully grown. This soil should not be exposed to the sun long before it is harrowed in. Another method is to inoculate the seed before sowing with a commercial form of the pure culture of bacteria.

Other methods are by sowing sweet clover and turning the crop under, and by sowing a little alfalfa with clover for a year or two before alfalfa is sown alone. Alfalfa land must be well drained. Be sure the land is sweet; if not, give it an application of lime just after plowing.

Keeping the Dinner Warm.

Mrs. E. N. Carter, in the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean, tells how she has kept many a dinner warm :

"A four gallon iron bound wooden bucket with bail forms the outside. The inside is a two gallon enamel bucket. I stripped newspapers and wet them thoroughly and packed a good layer in the bottom of the large bucket. then put the smaller bucket in and packed the paper between the walls of the two close and compact with a smooth flat stick, as high as the top of the inside bucket.

"Cut a pasteboard disk to fit the inside bucket. Put a circle of white goods about four inches larger all around than the board; gather and draw to fit disk; fill with shredded paper and sew together. This is the cushion for covering cooker inside the wooden lid of the outside bucket.

"For heaters I use three sadirons without handles and pointed at both ends. Besides these I heat a composition foot warmer and put it in the bucket and leave it long enough to heat it up.

"For holding the food tin cans or glass jars, with close fitting lids, can be used. Have your food about as done as you want it and everything just as hot as you can. Put the irons in first, with the smooth, or bottom, side up; then put in your food with lids closed tight; then your cushion; then the wooden lid as close as possible, with a weight on top. The foot warmer may be used on top or the cooker may be set upon it. It retains heat wonderfully.

"Now, I do not say this will cook your food. It will keep it nice and warm for several hours. It is handy for those whose noon hour is limited."

LIVE STOCK

Care of the Colt.

When the colt is weaned from its mother it is often given a ration so different both in its composition and bulk from the food it has been receiving that the detrimental results are not overcome in the life of the horse. The first winter is the critical period in a colt's life. It must have food to build up muscle and bone, and at the same time there is a continuous rapid growth of all parts of the body which must be maintained.

The milk of the mare supplies this food in the most complete form, and the good feeder is one who can most nearly supplement milk with the foods available. A very common difficulty in feeding colts is to keep them from forming the pot belly or extremely paunchy barrel. While it is desirable that a colt should have plenty of middle, it is also desirable that it be put there with proper feed and care.

If we think for a minute as to what constitutes the condition known as "pot belly" we shall see how to avoid it. Nature gives colts pot bellies only when they absolutely require them. This is the case when the colt is fed upon food of low nutritive value. In order to absorb from such feeds enough sustenance to continue life and growth, great quantities must be handled by the digestive system. This requires a large stomach and large alimentary system throughout.

The usual cause of overpaunchiness is feeding too much roughage at too long intervals. Oats and bran will never make a paunchy colt, but roughage will. While many colts do not get enough of any kind of food to eat during their first winter, many others get too much bulky food and not enough grain, and a distended belly is the result.

A colt's stomach is small and consequently will only hold a small amount of food at one time. When running with the mother small and frequent meals are what satisfies the colt, and this just what is needed after he is weaned.

An Iowa stockman who prides himself on rearing well developed muscular foals feeds them six times a day. The rations consist of oats and bran mixed with cut green sheaves and dampened. The youngsters are doing extra well and growing into symmetrical and properly proportioned horses.

Feeding Sows.

During pregnancy sows should have abundant exercise and a variety of feed. The use of unthreshed peas will secure both. They should be fed liberally, but not to excess. If they were in a condition of good thrift and flesh at the time of breeding, as they always should be, their gain in weight should be only sightly n excess of sufficent to account for the development of their foetal litters.

Healthy sows that have been properly fed and cared for will have little difficulty as a rule at farrowing time. However, as her farrowing time approaches, the sow should be put into a clean, roomy pen and closely watched to see that all is well. She should be fed a slop ration and succulent cooling feeds if these are available. Her bowels must be kept in a condition of healthy activity and clean bedding must be kept under her.

After farrowing a sow should be kept quiet and fed very little, if anything, during the first 24 hours. Begin by giving a drink of water, followed by a light bran mash. Then gradually increase the feed until the fifth day, after which more liberal feeds may be given. Judicious feeding prevents milk fever in the sow and scours in the pigs. Both the sow and pigs must also have plenty of exercise after the fifth day after farrowing.

Up to the time they are five weeks old the brood sow will usually have no difficulty in properly supporting her pigs. After this, however, they may not be able to get sufficient nourishment from her milk alone. A creep should therefore be provided for the young pigs and a trough set therein from which they may receive extra feed in the form of the ration previously recommended.—H. B. Speck.

THE DAIRY

Cost of Milk Production.

The department of agriculture in a recent bulletin gives the cost of milk production at the New Jersey experiment station with 31 head of milch cows, mostly grade Holstein, Jerseys, Guernseys and Ayrshires, fed both home-grown and purchased feeds, the calculation of cost of production being based both on the actual cost of growing the crops fed and on the market prices of the products used.

The feeds used consisted of soiling crops of different kinds, corn silage, mixed hay, oat and pea hay, alfalfa hay, corn stover, beet pulp, distillers' grains, wheat bran and oil meal. The average cost of feed per cow per year (based on the actual cost of producing the crops used) was $95.73, or 2.4 cents per quart of milk produced.

Placing the market valuation upon home grown products, the cost of feed per cow per year was $121.60, or 3.04 cents per quart. The estimated average cost of labor (but not supervision) and incidental expenses was $70.22 per cow per year, or 1.76 cents per quart.

The incidental expenses included bedding, stabling ($5 per cow), interest on investment in the animals, depreciation in the value of the cows, keep of bull, etc., but not interest on land, buildings and dairy equipment.

No credit, however, is given the cow for the manure or calf, neither is the farmer's time charged for. Calculating the manure worth $20 per cow and grade calf $6 each at 5 days old, the cost of producing 4 per cent milk even with the high yields reported, and not including cost of supervision, was approximately 4 cents per quart.

Grain Feed for Cows.

A good many feeders vary the amount of feed they give to their cows according to the price of the feed rather than from what their cows are doing. When grain is high in price the claim is often made that it doesn't pay to feed the cows very much grain. As a matter of fact, if we have a cow that is worth feeding at all, she should have all the grain that she can make proper returns for. She should have all the rough feed, such as hay, silage, corn fodder, etc., she can eat up clean. Then she should get about one-third as much grain as she gives pounds of milk. A cow giving six quarts of milk twice a day is giving about 25 pounds of milk per day. She should have about eight pounds of ground feed divided into two rations, one in the morning and one at night.

When the cow begins to fall off in her milk the feed should be gradually cut down so as to keep the proportion about one-third as much grain as she gives milk.

A good cow will use about one-half of all the feed she can eat for keeping up her own weight. She will use this necessary amount whether she gets all the feed she ought to get or gets only partly enough. If we give the cow three-fourths of a ration, she uses two-thirds of the amount to keep her body at a given weight and only returns dairy products for the other third. The cost of all the feed she eats and the profit must come out of this one-third.

If we give this same cow all the feed she needs, keeping in mind the above proportions between meal and milk, she uses one-half of the total ration for body maintenance and the other one-half for product. It is easy to figure out which is the more economical ration. It is a mistake to underfeed a cow, and it is a mistake to overfeed her.—Blue Valley Bulletin.

THE ORCHARD

Lime-Sulphur Spray.

Professor Dickens, of the Kansas Experiment Station, gives this formula for lime-sulphur spray: Forty pounds stone lime, 80 pounds sulphur, 50 gallons of water.

The lime is placed in the cooking kettle or vat and started slaking. The sulphur is mixed into a thin paste with water and added to the lime as the slaking process begins. As soon as the slaking is complete enough water is added to bring the whole volume up to 50 gallons. This amount can be conveniently added by having previously notched a stick at the height of 50 gallons in the boiler. This stick is placed in the center of the boiling vessel, and the water brought up to the noth. The mixture should boil steadily for from 45 minutes to one hour, acording to the amount of heat used.

During this boiling the solution should be held to the 50-gallon mark by adding water (preferably hot) each 10 minutes. If steam is used in cooking, little water will be required, but if the solution is cooked in an open kettle over a fire the addition of water is important. It should be stirred almost constantly to prevent caking and burning on the sides and bottom of the kettle. An old hoe is excellent for this purpose.

After the solution is cooked it should be stored in airtight barrels, and each barrel should be filled full to exclude all air. It is of no advantage to allow the sediment to enter the barrel with the solution, but it will do no harm. When the solution is taken from the barrel and placed in the spray tank, however, care must be taken that all sediment which would clog the nozzles is strained out.

Some growers desire a more concentrated lime-sulphur solution, one more like the commercial concentrate. This may be made by the use of more lime and sulphur. The 40-80-50 formula is recommended, because almost no lime or sulphur is lost in sediment. A dilute solution can be made from a solution testing 24 degrees or 26 degrees Baume, as well as one testing higher, by consulting the following method of diluting:

In order to insure a certain amount of sulphur in a dilute spray solution made from concentrated lime-sulphur of different strengths, the strength of the concentrated solution should always be determined. This is obtained by determining the density of the concentrated solution by the use of a Baume hydrometer. This hydrometer consists of a weighted glass bulk and glass stem carrying the Baume scale from 0 degree to 38 degrees. Such an instrument is indispensable, especially when home-made lime-sulphur is used. It may be obtained from companies manufacturing and selling spray materials and solutions or may be ordered through the local druggist. The cost should not exceed $1.50.

In using this instrument, place it in the concentrated lime-sulphur solution when the temperature is about 60 degrees Fahrenheit and allow it to come to rest, then read the scale at the level of the general surface of the liquid. Some of the solution will adhere to the tube, but the reading must be taken below this at the surface of the solutions. The instrument may be more easily read if a full bucket of the solution is tested. Care must be taken not to allow the instrument to rest on the bottom or to adhere to the sides of the bucket, and the reading must be accurate to insure the best results.

The effect upon fruit and foliage of lime-sulphur, made and applied correctly, seems to be stimulating. The leaves become dark green and the fruit appears more smooth and glossy than that from unsprayed or bordeaux sprayed trees.

This mixture will not prevent wormy apples unless some poison is added. Arsenate of lead is ordinarily used at the rate of two pounds to 50 gallons of the dilute spray material.

THE GARDEN

Growing Cucumbers.

S. B. Shaw, in the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean, says nearly every vegetable grower has his particular method of growing cucumbers. The essentials, however, are usually the same in all cases. One of the secrets of success in cucumber growing is to have the soil in such perfect tilth that the young plants can take hold readily. Lack of thorough preparation is often the cause of failure in growing this crop. The plants need much moisture to develop their growth. If the moisture is lost in the spring through lack of proper preparation of the land, a good crop may be impossible, even though the subsequent tillage is perfect.

The marketable size of cucumbers is from six to nine inches in length When cut from the vine they keep longer and the vine is injured less than when they are pulled. In seasonable weather they are usually gathered every second or third day. Cucumbers intended for sale on any market should be graded and sorted to a uniform size, having the same color and degree of ripeness. Those grown in greenhouses and under glass are packed in boxes about eight inches deep and 24-inches square. The outdoor crop, whether grown in the field or in frames, is packed in one-third barrel veneer baskets. In either case whether using boxes or baskets, the cucumbers are arranged and packed by hand, so as to fit firmly and tightly together

Poison for Cutworms.

The United States Department of Agriculture recommends a poisoned bait for cutworms, but this can be used only where poultry and other farm stock can be kept away from the poison. This is the formula: Take a barrel of dry bran, add one pound of arsenic or paris green and mix it thoroughly into a mash with eight gallons of water, in which has been stirred one-half gallon of sorghum, or other cheap molasses. After the mash has stood several hours, scatter it in lumps of about the size of a marble over the fields where injury is beginning to appear and about the bases of the plants set out. Apply late in the day, so as to place the poison about the plants over night, which is the time when the cutworms are active. Apply a second time if necessary. Clean cultural methods and rotation of crops are advisable in combating cutworms, also fall plowing and disking. Many cutworms can be destroyed where it is possible to overflow the fields. This is particularly applicable where irrigation is practiced.

Don't Buy Expensive Lime.

"As valuable as lime is on the farm, when the correction of acid soils is necessary, it is not necessary to pay exorbitant prices for it," says Porter Elliot, of the college of agriculture, Ohio State University. At recent extension schools, during the discussion of soil liming, it developed that farmers were paying as high as $9 a ton for carbonate of lime, when ground limestone, which would do the work just as well, could be secured for less than of that cost. In Wayne county, farmers have been buying carbonate of lime under fancy brand names—and paying 300 to 400 per cent for the name. "Get good ground limestone and it will correct acidity just as readily as the best carbonate of lime you can find on the market. The farm profits will not increase until such useless waste is eliminated from the farm practices."

POULTRY

Hens Need Shade.

Hens will not thrive through the hot summer months unless a shade is provided for them. If you haven't a grove or any other cool place where the chickens can get away from the direct rays of the sun, provide some artificial shade. Climbing vines are used for that purpose very successfully. Some climbers are better than others, but you can make shade out of brush pile if properly handled.

Shipping Fowls.

When shipping breeding fowls use strong yet light coops. Make a light frame and cover it with heavy canvas. Provide a cup for water in the copo; the cup should be placed in such a position as to be out of the way of the droppings of the birds and also out of the cut hay, straw or chaff, or whatever is used on the bottom of the copo. Place handholds on the ends of the coop so that it can be handled easily. Don't coop two male birds together, nor two birds of bad dispositions, but it is not often that hens are quarrelsome. It is better to use every precaution against injury on the journey than to have the birds arr've at their destination in bad condition.

The Poultry Industry.

It is conservatively estimated that the gross income of the poultry industry in the United States is a billion dollars each year. The corn crop is estimated at 3,000,000,000 bushels and at an average price of 50 cents per bushel means an annual income of $1,500,000,000. It costs 32 cents to produce a bushel of corn, leaving a profit of 18 cents per bushel, or a net profit for the whole crop at $540,000,000. The poultry crop stands next to that of corn. Poultry statistics tell us that there are 21,000,000 head of poultry in Illinois alone. These statistics were secured when probably the small flocks reserved for breeding purposes were on the farms. They are incomplete because they tell us nothing of the thousands of head that are sold as chicks from the incubator, as broilers for the early market, as roasters for the holiday seasons and as breeding stock for beginners; they tell us nothing of the eggs shipped for hatching at fancy prices, nor of the considerable income derived from the by-products of the industry.

Poultry Notes.

As a general rule yearling hens are better for breeders than young pullets. It has been our experience that the hens produced stronger stock and almost invariably a more uniform flock of chicks than do pullets. The pullets should be allowed to have plenty of time in which to mature before their services are demanded in the breeding pen. Immature pullets are one of the most fruitful causes of poor hatches and lack of vitality in chicks.

Keep the layers penned up on sloppy days. Do not let them run unrestricted in all manner of weather if you wish the best of results. Ask any person who lives in town and is forced to keep his or her fowls penned up, sometimes in a small coop, and he will prove to you that the only method by which ro realize the greatest results from the layers is to keep them penned during the laying season. This should not be taken to mean that we are advocating the restriction of the young stock, or, for that matter, any of the stock, except at certain seasons of the year. Did it ever occur to you that all of the great records of large numbers of eggs laid by hens in a single year have been made when those layers were confined?

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

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MUTUAL CARRIAG

DANDRUFF CAME ALL OVER HEAD

Terrible Itching and Burning. Hair Came Out by the Combful. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Entirely Cured in Three Weeks.

1342 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.—"Spots of dandruff about the size of a quarter came all over my head. There was a terrible itching and burning under the dandruff and if I attempted to comb it off my head would bleed and get sore. There were small pimples under the dandruff that itched and burned and would bleed when I combed my hair. The dandruff would show when I combed it out. My hair came out by the combful. I had suffered between two and three years and tried everything I heard of but nothing did any good until I read one of the advertisements for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap and shampooed my head and rubbed every spot with Cuticura Ointment. At the end of three weeks I was entirely cured. Now I have more and nicer hair than I ever had in my life. Cuticura Soap and Ointment permanently relieved my trouble." (Signed) Mrs. W. K. Rhoads, July 11, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalps, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails, that it is almost criminal not to use them. Sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men—Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

Poor Child Dies in King Alfonso's Arms

Madrid, May 31.—According to General Azena, chief of King Alfonso's military household, the young king recently figured in a tragic incident near Utrera while traveling in the royal train. One of two little girls who had been playing on the railway line was struck by the train and badly injured on the head. King Alfonso looked from the window of his car to learn why the train was slowing down and upon seeing the wounded girl he jumped from the window of the still moving train and was first to give aid to the injured. When others alighted from the train they found the king with the little girl in his arms, endeavoring to staunch the blood, but she died in a few minutes. The king was profoundly impressed and endeavored to console the mother of the child, who was the woman in charge of the railway crossing and he gave her a sum of money.

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AMERICAN WAR WOULD RUIN JAPS

English Writer Says the Tokio Government Won't Force a Conflict.

London, May 29.—Lovat Fraser, an authority on Eastern affairs, contributes an article to The Daily Mail in which he declares emphatically that Japan will not fight over the treatment of Japanese in California.

"A conflict between Japan and the United States at this juncture," he says, "would mean ruin to Japan, who could not run the risk of invading the Pacific slope, because she would soon be ejected. She might take Hawaii and the Philippines, but how long could she hold them? The United States would press forward the completion of the Panama Canal, spend its vast resources in building an invincible armada of dreadnoughts, and devote all its incomparable energies to winning back its lost possessions.

"The ultimate outcome of the struggle would never be in doubt, as far as the near future is concerned, for Japan could get no more ships and no more money. A temporary success would be of no avail in such a mighty conflict. Japan fought herself to a standstill in her war with Russia, and had the fighting continued a few months longer the result might have been reversed.

"She knows full well that the United States would never accept a transient defeat. She is equally well aware that the western world would not give her more ships and money to prosecute a war based upon such an issue as the Californian Land bill.

"It would be a war deliberately fought to challenge the world supremacy of the white races, and in such a cause the white races would instantly unite. They would not all fight, but would not help Japan.

"The welfare of America means more to the white races than the welfare of Asia. We may take it for granted then that the present differences between Japan and the United States of America will in some way or other be composed."

AVIATORS FALL TO DEATH

One in Germany, Another in Scotland, Pay Penalty.

Hanover, Germany, May 28.—A. Horn, a German aviator, was killed instantly this morning by a fall from a height of 500 feet while making an overland flight in his monoplane. The cause of the accident could not be ascertained as the machine was shattered.

Montrose, Scotland, May 28.—Lieutenant Arthur, an aviator in the air corps of the British army, was killed here yesterday by the collapse of his machine while making a flight over the military parade grounds.

GERMAN CRUISER REFLOATED

Kiel, Germany, June 2.—The German armored cruiser Bluecher was refloated today after having been aground to the north of the island of Romso, in the great belt between the Baltic and the Cattegat since Friday morning.

Talks Through His Nose in This Phone

Paris, May 31.—r. Jules Glover, physician of the Conservatory of Paris, has invented a telephone in which the person using it talks through his nose as well as his mouth. Dr. Glover humorously observes that he is not talking through his hat when he predicts this intensive combination phone will enable the New Yorker to talk to his London brother.

He says the vibrations of the voice divide into two groups more or less unequal, one emerging through the nose and the others through the mouth. This is commonly shown when one has a bad cold in the head and to nasal passages are stopped. Dr. Glover's transmitter takes care of both kinds of vibrations.

PLAN WIRELESS FOR LIGHTHOUSES

Stations May Be Adopted by All Countries in the World.

London, May 29.—If the wireless lighthouse stations installed at Brest, which automatically send out warning messages to ships every few seconds without the help of man, prove a success, as they are reported to be, it will mean, says a well known scientific expert in London, "that the old system of lights, bells, horns and other danger signals at sea will be rendered unnecessary."

"By noting the intensity of the signals received an approximate idea of the distance from the sending stations can be formed by a skilled wireless operator," states the Electrical Review.

"Were every vessel equipped with wireless transmitting aparatus a more convenient arrangement would be to provide directive aerials at land stations, thus enabling the stations to determine the bearing of any ship issuing inquiries, and then to communicate the bearing to the vessel."

Explaining how the adpotion of the wireless lighthouses would insure the safety of shipping all over the world, the expert referred to said: "The lighthouses in each case would act as a mast. By the simple clockwork arrangement, which only needs attention once a week or so, distinctive messages are sent out by each station every few seconds. One set of signals is sent out every ten seconds and another set every thirty seconds, so that ships may positively identify the lighthouse that is 'talking.'

"These lighthouse wireless stations need only have a small wireless range—the range of one lighthouse just overlapping the range of another—so that confusion of messages may be avoided. If the scheme is universally adopted it means that the terrors of fog at sea probably will be vanquished forever."

TO BEGIN PROBE OF LOBBY

Senate Appoints Committee to Make Investigation.

Washington, May 31.—The senate's investigation of the "numerous and insidious lobby" President Wilson charged was threatening the tariff bill, will begin Monday morning by a committee composed of Senators Overman, Walsh, Cummins, Reed and Nelson. Mr. Overman will be chairman.

The investigation will be conducted openly in the public hearing room of the judiciary committee in the senate ofifce building, and members of the senate will be called in alphabetical order. Senator Ashurst, of Arizona, thus will be the first witness.

SUFFRAGE IN SECOND PLACE

Other Questions to Take Precedence With Women.

Paris, June 2.—The woman suffrage question, alhtough it is to be discussed at the International Women's Congress, which opened in Paris today, is to be subordinated to the other subjects taken under consideration. Among these are hygiene, education, women's work and assistance for women.

Among the notable women present is Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis.

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$500,000,000 LOAN FOR CHINA

George Bronson Rea Has Power of Attorney From Dr. Sun in Deal.

London, May 29.—George Bronson Rea, secretary of the Chinese National Railway corporation, has arrived in London bearing a power of attorney from Dr. Sun Yat Sen to borrow $500,000,000 to build 10,000 miles of railroad in China within the next 15 years. Dr. Sun wanted to build 60,000 miles, but Rea cut the estimate of the revolutionary leader to 10,000.

Rea has confidence of getting the money needed for this undertaking without approaching the old financial groups which made loans to China and which are disliked by the Chinese parliament.

"I intended first to raise the money in America," Mr. Rea said recently, "as I know that the American group headed by J. P. Morgan & Co., could easily handle it, of course taking in the financial groups in other countries after they got started, but eliminating the phases of the former loan contract so unwelcome to the Chinese.

Wilson Blocks Loan Plans.

"I desired that the American group should supply $125,000,000 in the course of ten years, the other powers to take the remainder. All my plans fell through, however, when President Wilson decided to withdraw government support from the banking group, and I had to come to England when I realized that Americans will not enter the Chinese field unless supported by their government.

"It seems to me that sooner or later President Wilson will be compelled to modify his policy, because with the new tariff all conditions in America will be changed and a new market for exports must be found.

"China is the richest field the world now offers. Political conditions in China make it impractical for Americans to enter the field without government support, and, aside from the Morgan group, there is no other strong enough to float a loan independently.

Wants to Keep Open Door.

"In London there are half a dozen groups, but this puts me in a complex situation, as I am trying to arrange a loan in London on terms satisfactory to the Chinese, eliminating the objects to the previous contract, and at the same time as a patriotic American I am anxious to keep the door open for Americans to enter the great commercial field later.

"The feeling which seems to pervade Europe just now is the desire to prevent a stronger representative government in China. This is shown by the conditions on which the previous loans were made, and it is the reason why the Chinese parliament is so strongly against Yuan Shih Kai, fearing that if he dared he would overrule parliament and assume the role of a dictator.

Predicts Changed Situation.

"This is directly opposed to American ideas, which would have predominated if President Wilson had not acted as he did. Centralization has always been the British policy in the past, but I expect a change of attitude in the near future because public opinion believes that financial groups independent of the Hong Kong banking interests should be considered.

"Yuan Shih Kai is the strongest personality in China, and Dr. Sun is next, but the latter is actuated by idealism and if Yuan attempts to override parliament, Dr. Sun will reenter the political field."

THE MAINE REMEMBERED

Marble Pylon Perpetuates Lost Ship's Memory.

New York, May 31.—In enduring marble and lasting bronze, the Maine has been remembered.

Under skies as blue and smiling as those beneath which she sank, amid booming cannons and crashing bands, the cheers of the multitudes and the grateful beating of many thousand hearts—with all the pmp and circumstance appropriate to the valor which was theirs—the men of the Maine were remembered yesterday in the dedication of the National Maine Monument attended by a ceremony and patriotic spectacle which mark a historic epoch in the city of New York.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

WOMAN SAYS MAN SHOT HER

But a Note in Her Clothing Tells of Suicide.

Los Angeles, May 31.—Fred E. Kolb, a wealthy young clubman, was arrested last night charged with having shot Miss Irene Noble, 22 years old. George E. Noble, the girl's brother, according to his statement to the police, found her lying on the floor of his residence last night, unconscious from the wound, with Kolb at the telephone summoning a physician.

When she was revived at the hospital, Miss Noble charged Kolb with having fired the shot. Miss Noble probably was fatally wounded. A letter in her handwriting addressed to her mother threatening suicide was said by the police to have been found in her clothing.

Kolb is the son of the late C. C. Kolb millionaire manufacturer and inherited a large portion of his father's estate.

WILL DARE NIAGARA AGAIN

Captain Larsen to Shoot Rapids Upon July 4.

Cleveland, May 31.—Undaunted by his battle with the whirlpool rapids of Niagara Falls of two years ago, Captain Klaus Larsen will attempt a second trip July 4. Captain Larsen arrived in Cleveland yesterday from Buffalo to settle the details for his second voyage through the wildest turmoil of water that a man has ever sailed and lived.

A moving picture firm has offered to outfit Captain Larsen for the second trip and it is hoped that the achievement may be permanently recorded on films.

SOLD WAR SECRETS

Austrian Officials Prove Treacherous.

Vienna, June 2.—The peace of Europe, rocked almost to the point of dissolution by the quarrels born in the Balkan crisis, was not saved by the sudden decision of King Nicholas of Montenegro to march his troops out.

Austria's shocking unpreparedness for war, revelations showing that her vast standing army was, and still is, literally honeycombed by corrupt and disloyal officers, at the eleventh hour impelled the emperor and imperial foreign secretary, Count Von Berchtold, to turn from war to peace as the one road of imperial safety. Austria's military secrets are said to have been sold to Russia.

Franz Ferdinand, the prince imperial, was so amazed and saddened by the convincing proofs of heartrending treachery laid before the war council that he is said to have aged within the limit of one night. He was to have led the army in person into the campaigns, tacitly approved by his mentor, Kaiser Wilhelm, which the ambitious prince fondly hoped would open a new era of Austro-Hungarian military glory and conquest.

FAMINE RAVAGES IRISH ISLANDS

Sir Roger Casement Says Connemara Conditions Recall Putumayo.

London, May 29.—"An Irish Putumayo" is the description applied by Sir Roger Casement to conditions in South Connemara. The islanders are suffering from famine fever. The Irish Independent has opened a subscription to which Sir Roger contributes this letter, written from London:

"I have learned of the appalling state of things in Connemara owing to the absence of anything like civilized government in that part of the world. Were this in truth a United Kingdom the press of its capital would contain some reference to a state of things so near its doors; but I have not seen a single word in any London daily of this dire need of our plague-pestered fellow-subjects in Connemara. I hope very soon to be able to leave London for Ireland, and, if possible, to visit Lettermullen and see whether something lasting cannot be done to remove the stain of this enduring Irish Putumayo from our native land. One thing is clear to me—only Irishmen and Irishwomen can clear it up."

Sir Roger asks that contributions be placed in the hands of the local priests.

Augustine Birrell, chief secretary of Ireland, recently visited the islands with some other Irish officials. They called at the house of John Lee, whose 11-year-old boy died of fever on April 28, and another of whose sons was removed to Oughterard hospital, 30 miles away. As Mr. Birrell's car drew up the keening of the afflicted mother was heard as she sat outside the door of the hovel rocking herself to and fro.

Mr. Birrell said afterward: "It was the worst dwelling I ever entered." He made a thorough inspection of the islands of Lettermullen and Gorumna, and conversed with one or two peasants in Lee's house, which lies in a rock-bound hollow. The party found the 11-by-8-foot interior reeking with smoke, for which there was no outlet save through the unmortared chinks of the wall. The visitors gave John Lee £2 out of the relief fund.

"How shall you get on when this is gone?" he was asked.

"Musha! I don't know," he replied in Irish. "We must try to live on somehow," and cast his eyes around his two acres of rock. He has a half dozen potatoes in the house.

THREE BOYS HOLD UP 15 MEN

Line Them Up, Punch Their Faces and Rob Them.

New York, May 31.—Three boys under 17 years of age are under arrest today as bandits who, with pistols in hand, invaded the Trojan Athletic Club up town last night and lined up 15 young men for robbery. Several of the victims who refused to hold their hands were punched in the face. The pistols kept them from punching back. In all the young bandits got nearly $300 worth of jewelry and money. They had barely backed out of the club rooms to dart away when an alarm was sounded and the police fell upon them.

COUGH COSTS $1,780,000

Insurance Companies Are Victims in Big Loss.

Jacksonville, Fla., May 31.—E. O. Painter, fertilizer manufacturer, who recently fell from a ferry boat during a violent coughing spell and was drowned in St. Johns River, held life insurance policies totaling $1,178,000, according to a printed list presented here today at a meeting of life insurance agents. About half of the insurance was made payable to Painter's family, and the other half ti his firm. Most of the insurance was taken out during last month.

PHILIP STEELE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

CHAPTER IX.

Philip Takes Up the Trail.

The letter—the flowers—that one shining golden hair, wound in a glistening thread about their shriveled stems, seemed for a short space to lift Philip Steele from out of the world he was in, to another in which his mind was only vaguely conscious, stunned by this letter that had come with the unexpectedness of a thunderbolt to change, in a single instant, every current of life in his body. For a few moments he made no effort to grasp the individual significance of the letter, the flowers, the golden hair. One thought filled his brain — one great overpowering truth, which excluded everything else—and this was the realization that the woman he loved was not Colonel Becker's wife. She was free. And for him—Philip Steele—there was hope—hope — Suddenly it dawned upon him what the flowers meant. The colonel had written the letter, and Isobel had sent the faded violets, with their golden thread. It was her message to him—a message without words, and yet with a deeper meaning for him than words could have expressed. In a flood there rushed back upon him all the old visions which he had fought against, and he saw her again in the glow of the campfire, and on the trail, glorious in her beauty, his ideal of all that a woman should be.

He rose to his feet and locked his door, fearing that some one might enter. He wanted to be alone, to realize fully what had happened, to regain control of his emotions. If Isobel Becker had merely written him a line or two, a note exculpating herself of what her father had already explained away, he would still have thought that a world lay between them. But, in place of that, she had sent him the faded flowers, with their golden thread!

For many minutes he paced back and forth across his narrow room, and never had a room looked more like a prison cell to him than this one did now. He was filled with but one impulse, and that was to return to Lac Bain, to humble himself at the feet of the woman he loved, and ask her for forgiveness for the heinous thing he had done. He wanted to tell her that he had driven Eucky Nome into outlawry, that he had fought for her, and run away himself—because he loved her. It was Sergeant Moody's voice, vibrant with the rasping unpleasantness of a file, that jarred him back into his practical self. He thrust the letter and the flowers into his breast pocket and opened the door.

Moody came in.

"What in blazes are you locked up for?" he demanded, his keen little eyes scrutinizing Philip's feverish face. "Afraid somebody'll walk in and steal you, Phil?"

"Headache," said Philip, putting a hand to his head. "One of the kind that makes you think your brain must be a hard ball bumping around inside your skull."

The sergeant laid his hand on Philip's arm.

"Go take a walk, Phil," he said, in a softer voice. "It will do you good. I just came in to tell you the news. They've got track of DeBar again, up near Lac le Biche. But we can talk about that later. Go take a walk."

"Thanks for the suggestion," said Philip. "I believe I'll do it."

He passed beyond the barracks, and hit the sleigh-worn road that led out of town, walking faster and faster, as his brain began working. He would return to Lac Bain. That was settled in his mind without argument. Nothing could hold him back after what he had received that afternoon. If the letter and the violet message had come to him from the end of the earth it would have made no difference; his determination would have been the same. He would return to Lac Bain—but how? That was the question which puzzled him. He still had thirteen months of service ahead of him. He was not in line for a furlough. It would take at least three months of official red tape to purchase his discharge. These facts rose like barriers in his way. It occurred to him that he might confide in MacGregor, and that the inspector would make an opportunity for him to return into the north imemdiately. MacGregor had the power to do that, and he believed that he would do it. But he hesitated to accept this last alternative.

And then, all at once, Sergeant Moody's words came back to him—"They've got track of DeBar again, up near Lac la Biche." The idea that burst upon him with the recalling of those words stopped Philip suddenly, and he turned back toward the barracks. He had heard a great deal about DeBar, the cleverest criminal in all the northland, and whom no man or combination of men had been clever enough to catch. And now this man was near Lac la Biche, in the Churchill and Lac Bain country. If he could get permission from MacGregor to go after DeBar his own difficulty would be settled in the easiest possible way. The assignment would take him for a long and indefinite time into the north. It would take him back to Isobel Becker.

He went immediately to his room upon reaching the barracks, and wrote out his request to MacGregor. He sent it over to headquarters by a rookie. After that he waited.

Not until the following morning did Moody bring him a summons to appear in MacGregor's office. Five minutes later the inspector greeted him with outstretched hand, gave him a grip that made his fingers snap, and locked the office door. He was holding Philip's communication when the young man entered.

"I don't know what to say to this, Steele," he began, seating himself at his desk and motioning Philip to a chair. "To be frank with you, this proposition of yours is entirely against my best judgment."

"In other words, you haven't sufficient confidence in me," added Philip.

"No, I don't mean that. There isn't a man on the force in whom I have greater confidence than you. But, if I was to gamble, I'd wager ten to one that you'd lose out if I sent you up to take this man DeBar.

"I'll accept the wager—only reverse the odds," said Philip daringly.

The inspector twisted one of his long red mustaches and smiled a little grimly at the other.

"If I were to follow my own judgment I'd not send one man, but two," he went on. "I don't mean to underestimate the value of my men when I say that our friend DeBar, who has evaded us for years, is equal to any two men I've got. I wouldn't care to go after him myself—alone. I'd want another hand with me, and a mighty good one—a man who was cool, cautious, and who knew all of the ins and outs of the game as well as myself. And here—" He interrupted himself, and chuckled audibly, "here you are asking permission to go after him alone! Why, man, it's the very next thing to inviting yourself to commit suicide! Now, if I were to send you, and along with you a good, level-headed man like Moody—"

"I have had enough of double-harness work, unless I am commanded to go, Mr. MacGregor," interrupted Philip. "I realize that DeBar is a dangerous man, but I believe that I can bring him down. Will you give me the opportunity?"

MacGregor laid his cigar on the edge of the desk and leaned across toward his companion, the long white fingers of his big hands clasped in front of him. He always took this position, with a cigar smoldering beside him, when about to say those things which he wished to be indelibly impressed on the memory of his listener.

"Yes, I'm going to give you the opportunity," he said slowly, "and I am also going to give you permission to change your mind after I have told you something about DeBar, whom we know as the Seventh Brother. I repeat that, if you go alone, it's just ten to one that you don't get him. Since '90 four men have gont out after him, and none has come back. There was Forbes, who went in that year; Bannock, who took up the trial in 1902; Fleisham in 1904, and Gresham in 1907. Since the time of Gresham's disappearance we have lost sight of DeBar, and only recently, as you know, have we got trace of him again. He is somewhere up on the edge of the Barren Lands. I have private information which leads me to believe that the factor at Fond du Lac can take you directly to him."

MacGregor unclasped his hands to pick up a worn paper from a small pile on the desk.

"He is the last of seven brothers," he added. "His father was hanged.

"A good beginning," interjected Philip.

"There's just the trouble," said the inspector quickly. "It wasn't a good beginning. This is one of those peculiar cases of outlawry for which the law itself is largely responsible, and I don't know of any one I would say this to but you. The father was hanged, as I have said. Six months later it was discovered, beyond a doubt, that the law had taken the life of an innocent man, and that DeBar had been sent to the gallows by a combination of evidence fabricated entirely by the perjury of enemies. The law should have vindicated itself. But it didn't. Two of those who had plotted against DeBar were arrested, tried—and acquitted, a fact which goes to prove the statement of a certain great man that half of the time law is not justice. There is no need of going into greater detail about the trials and the popular sentiment afterward. In December of '96 DeBar's seven sons took justice into their own hands. In one night they killed the three men chiefly instrumental in sending their father to his death, and fled into the north."

"Good!" exclaimed Philip.

The word shot from him before he had thought. At first he flushed, then sat bolt upright and smiled frankly into the inspector's face as he watched the effect of his indiscretion.

"So many people thought at the time," said MacGregor, eyeing him with curious sharpness, "especially the women. For that reason the first three who were caught were merely convicted of manslaughter instead of murder. They served their sentences, were given two years each for good behavior, and are somewhere in South America. The fourth killed himself when he was taken near Moose Factory, and the other three went what the law calls 'bad.' Henry, the oldest of them all, killed the officer who was bringing him down from Prince Albert in '99, and was afterward executed. Paul, the sixth, returned to his native town seven years after the hanging of his father and was captured after wounding two of the officers who went in pursuit of him. He is now in an insane asylum."

The inspector paused, and ran his eyes over a fresh slip of paper.

"And all this," said Philip in a low voice, "because of a crime committed by the law itself. Five men hung, one a suicide, three in prison and one in an insane asylum—because of a blunder of the law!"

"The king can do no wrong," said MacGregor with gentle irony, "and neither can the law. Remember that, Philip, as long as you are in the service. The law may break up homes, ruin states, set itself Nemesis on innocent men's heels—but it can do no wrong. It is the Juggernaut before which we all must bow our heads, even you and I, and when by any chance it makes a mistake, it is still law, and unassailable. It is the greatest weapon of the clever and the rich, so it bears a moral. Be clever, or be rich."

"And William DeBar, the seventh brother—" began Philip.

"Is tremendously clever, but not rich," finished the inspector. "He has caused us more trouble than any other man in Canada. He is the youngest of the seven brothers, and you know there are curious superstitions about seventh brothers. In the first pursuit after the private hanging he shot two men. He killed a third in an attempt to save his brother at Moose Factory. Since then, Forbes, Bannock, Fleisham and Gresham have disappeared, and they all went out after him. They were all good men, powerful physically, skilled in the ways of the wilderness, and as brave as tigers. And not only that, they lost their lives. Whether DeBar killed them, or led them on to a death for which his hands were not directly responsible, we have never known. The fact remains that they went out after DeBar—and died. I am not superstitious, but I am beginning to think that DeBar is more than a match for any one man. What do you say? Will you go with Moody, or—"

"I'll go alone, with your permission," said Philip

The inspector's voice at once fell into its former tone of command.

"Then you may prepare to leave at once," he said. "The factor at Fond du Lac will put you next to your man. Whatever else you require I will give you in writing some time today."

Philip accepted this as signifying that the interview was at an end, and rose from his seat.

That night he added a postscript to the letter which he had written home, saying that for a long time he would not be heard from again. The midnight train was bearing him toward Le Pas.

To Be Continued.

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A Russian Romance

London Tit-Bits.

HERE is a present-day romance of the court of the czar. Gregory Rasputin, one of the brightest stars of Russian court circles, is the son of a poor peasant, and belongs to the "Chlysty" order of austere preachers in Russia who flagellate their bodies and preach privation as the only method of explaining sins. Seven years ago he obtained the patronage of a Russian countess, and with her aid he rose to his present position by a very clever ruse. Complaining to the countess that his name, "Rasputin," which means "rake," was not fitting for so holy a man, he begged her to get him an audience with the czar in order to obtain permission to change it. The audience was granted and so was his request, the ruler of all the Russians ordering that he should henceforth be known as "Gregory Novy." Rasputin made a deep impression upon the czar and czarina on account of his marvelous memory. He can recite whole chapters of the Bible by heart, and invariably answers all questions addressed to him by apt questions from the Scriptures. His success aroused great jealousy in the holy synod, and a famous archbishop preached against his appointment as a priest. The archbishop was banished and Rasputin's triumph was complete. He now edits a paper for the acquisition of which the minister of finance voted him a special grant of £30,000.

Flood Bill, $50,000,000!

A restrospect of the occurrences up to date suggests the urgent necessity of doing everything that is humanly possible to obviate or at least mitigate the standing menace of the great Ohio river system, not only on account of the vast interest at stake in the drainage basin of that stream itself, but because it is notoriously the mainspring of trouble in the much-afflicted lower Mississippi. An immense amount of earnest attention has recently been devoted to this problem, some results of which will be found incorporated in the reports of the national waterways commission and the Ohio flood commission.

Aside from the recent unparalleled disaster, it is a stupendous fact that Ohio floods have for years caused devastation to the extent of at least $50,000,000 annually, on an average. —From "The Story of the Great Floods," in the American Review of Reviews.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. Inordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5867.—Misses' Dress.

This stylish dress is in sailor style, with wide sailor collar, and an inner hemisette and high collar which may be omitted. The skirt has four gores and can open at each side. The pattern 5867 is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material.

6253—Ladies' Dress.

This stylish dress closes at the front. The skirt is cut in four gores. The dress can be made with or without the belt. Serge or linen can be used to make this dress with the collar and cuffs of contrasting material. The pattern, 6253, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5 yards of 36-inch material, ⅞ yards of 27-inch contrasting material.

6000.—Boys' Russian Dress.

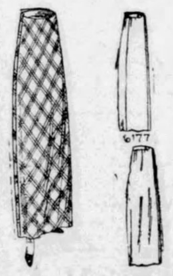
This is for very little men and has no trousers. Front and back are given panel effect by tucks. All wash materials including gingham and calico may be used to make this suit. The pattern is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material.

6207—Girls' Cover All Apron.

This apron is what its name indicates. It will cover the entire dress or may take its place. The style is suitable for calico, cambric, or gingham. The pattern, 6207, is cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

6177—Ladies' Two or Three Gore Skirt.

The number of gores depends upon whether or not there is a seam down the center of the back. The skirt may be high or normal in the waist and may be made serge, tailor mixtures, stripes, and also of wash materials of good body. The skirt pattern, 6177, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires four yards of 36-inch material.



6217—Ladies' Shirt Waist.

This waist has the sleeve extending right up to the collar band. The front closing is arranged with a box pleat and the neck has high or low finish. Percale, silk, gingham or linen can be used for this waist. The waist pattern, 6217, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4¼ yards of 27-inch material.

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Do you know how to make a petticoat? If not, you can learn easily by securing a copy of "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker." Don't miss the opportunity that is offered to every purchaser of a Blade pattern. The regular published price of this book is 25 cents, but if you buy a Blade pattern you can get the book for five 1-cent stamps. Save your certificate and get a book that no woman should be without.

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Profits From Rural Loans

Boston Transcript.

IT is a good thing for the country as well as for themselves that our Jewish population is more and more turning to agricultural pursuits. While the purely technical aspects of the industry are comparatively strange to them and they require considerable training and direction, they are capable of being our instructors in some of its broader relations. The question of rural credit unions is one that has been put before congress by a President of the United States. The governor of Massachusetts has sent special recommendations to the legislature on the same matter.

But the report of the Jewish Agricultural and Aid Society for 1912 gives an account of three such credit unions by Jewish farmers, in the states of New York and Connecticut. Loans equal to twice the amount subscribed by members of these unions are granted. After five months' trial these organizations showed a profit of 9½ per cent on the capital. After 10 months the profit was 11½ per cent on the investment. While all this has been on a small scale, it sems to demonstrate the workableness of the system.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1913.

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Dr. Cook would rather be investigated than forgotten.

We wouldn't give a new nickel to see ourselves as others see us.

Many good things are said of millionaires—after they are dead.

Advice is one of the things most people would rather give than receive.

Decency doesn't cost anything and it pays one hundred cents on the dollar.

Some men are born great and others achieve greatness through the help of their wives.

Optimism is producing a yield of more than a hundred million bushels of wheat in Kansas.

President Wilson doesn't believe in saying howdy-do to a government that doesn't govern.

When a good man goes wrong he causes a greater sensation than the bad man who reforms.

The fellow who tries to drown it in strong drink will find that sorrow has as many lives as a cat.

Old Porfirio Diaz acts very much like a man who would rather die a natural death than return to Mexico.

A New York doctor says only one man in five is fit to marry. In that case it wouldn't seem fair to tax bachelors.

Doubtless the Kaiser, the King and the Czar had a good time after they got through the ordeal of kissing each other.

Let us gather up the sunbeams as we go along. Mr. Edison says there will be no poverty one hundred years hence.

The female mosquito does the biting, thus vindicating the sentiment of one of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's much-abused poems.

If Uncle Sam would put medicated mucilage on his parcel post stamps they could be used in lieu of porous plasters.

There is nothing significant in the fact that a windmill on a Kansas farm marks the exact geographical center of the United States.

A fashion authority insists that the bustle is coming back. But it will be remembred that the same thing was said of Jim Jeffries.

A woman told us the other day that happiness always worries her. "You see," she said, "I'm constantly haunted with the dread that it won't last."

The young women of a Chicago church congregation are unable to agree on the ideal man. Which is well enough; they couldn't all marry him, anyway.

Chauncey Depew regards conversation as a charming medium for the enjoyment of friends. One could almost gather from this that Mr. Depew likes to talk.

One woman, writing to the Blade, declares that women are far superior to men. It would be ungallant to try to argue such a self-sufficient soul out of her comforting belief.

We can but hope that the department of agriculture's twelve million cook books won't interfere with the old fashioned country dinners they serve down on the farm.

Dr. Anna Shaw says "women now have fifty-seven electoral votes in the United States." Dr. Anna seems to be one of those persons who count their chickens before they are incubated.

A Missouri judge has fixed the value of a kiss at the miserly low sum of fifty cents. But for all of that there are many people who will continue to complain of the high cost of living.

A young woman of Kansas tells the Houston Post that she would like to marry Ned Green. This is interesting as showing that not all the young women of Kansas have drawn the line on masculine girths that measure over thirty inches.

Following are the seven chief faults of man, selected by the women readers of a Paris magazine: "Egotism, laziness, self-sufficiency, fast living, gambling, intemperance, abuse of sport and foolishness." He doesn't giggle, however.

OUR DARK AGES.

Twenty-two years ago, 700,000 acres of land in the Olympic National Forest was restored to the public domain and made subject to entry, upon the representations to Washington that the land was of value for farming purposes only.

In the course of the next ten years, 524,000 acres of that land had passed to the possession of men who held it almost exclusively for timber. Five persons had gained ownership of 178,000 acres and 81,530 acres belonged to one man. In those ten years, the ultivated land of this area, which had been thrown open for agricultural development, amounted to less than one acre in a thousand.

It is not worth while to lament the loss of that property, or to wax indignant over the iniquities of land thieves. The opening of the forest reserve and the tricks and dodges, by which control slipped through the fingers of settlers and into the fists of lumber exploiters, belong to the period of ruthless snatching and grabbing. The big point is that that period has passed on—that now there are too many persons, in the government service and out, who are jealously watchful of the people's property and who are ready to bring against land thieves the high power guns of publicity if the weapons of the courts are without avail.

DISPLACED.

Have the fangs of the dime novel been pulled? Has this literature of the hayloft and the messenger offices been denatured that now no one rises to demand its suppression and the drawing and quartering of its publishers?

Alas, fashion changes! The dime novel has gone out as a target. It has no standing as a thing to rip and tear about and charge with responsibility for the breaking of panes in the livery stable window.

And yet the Beagle Library, Old Sleuth and Nick Carter were as serviceable articles as could be wished for when the cause for the waywardness of youth was sought. True, it was a fact well known that a respected American author in good standing with the minister and the tax collector had written a half-hundred of them and that a chief justice of the supreme court of the United States l.. abed reading them. But that was not permitted to alter the conviction that reading the impossible adventures of Dashing Dan and absorbing the lessons of the devil were one and the same thing. Was the boy careless of his chores? The pesky dime novel was at fault. Did he play at pirate? Where else than in the dime novel could he get the idea of such a thing? Few things have done their duty better in supplying the material on which to expend harassed tempers and to beat frazzled nerves into calm.

The vigorous years of the dime novel are behind it. It is no longer of use. Unforbidden, without advertisement as a terrible instructor in the ways of wrongdoing, it is not worth any youngster's while now to sneak away under the eaves of the attic and pretend to get pleasure out of those palpitating incidents and hic-coughy exchanges of conversation.

WHEN VICTORS FALL OUT

Before they ventured upon the job of running the Turk out of Europe, Bulgaria and Servia made a neat little treaty as to the disposal of spoils in case the war should have a happy outcome for them.

Macedonia was divided into three parts, one of which should be Servian, another Bulgarian and a third left upon for division through arbitration with the czar of Russia as umpire. Servia has looked over the ground and laid claim to every acre of the undivided part, together with the lion's share of that part upon which agreement had been made. Greece had not been considered in the treaty and neither Bulgaria nor Servia are inclined to consider her now though she holds Salonica and the district around it by right of conquest.

Today Bulgaria is angry with Servia for making claims to land which Bulgarian arms have wrested from the Turks. Grecians and Bulgarians have actually fought over who shall play master in Salonica, though the fighting is without what might be called official sanction. Somewhere in the hub-bub of rival claimants is Montenegro, but apparently no attention is paid to her.

It was asssumed that the Balkan question would be settled when the Balkan states had whipped their traditional enemy. But apparently the question has only changed its talking points.

THE UNENCOURAGED INDUSTRY

The trade reports for the year 1826 show that 92.5 per cent of the exports of this country were carried in American vessels.

It has been calculated that if the proportion were maintained to this day, the foreign carrying trade of the United States would represent a value of $3,266,759,843. But the facts are quite another complexion. We fall short of that trade by $2,943,308,278. In 1912, American vessels had then just 9.4 per cent of the business of which it had almost a monopoly eighty-six years ago.

Several things are responsible for this loss of wealth which might under happier conditions all come to the United States and be spent within the United States. The vital reason is that while it has seemed well worth while to extend encouragement and protection to nearly all industries, big and little, the shipping trade has been left to fight with all the world for its existence.

A WAR THAT WAS FOUGHT

To a small barefoot boy who ran over the hot stone sidewalks in order to keep abreast of the drum and fife corps or took blithely to the gutter when stolid sightseers held possession of the walk, every man in the Memorial Day parade of thirty years ago was an ancient, creeped in time. Every one seemed to him the survivor of a period very far off, a period that no small boy could think of without resentment against a fate which had brought himself upon earth when Adventure was dead and Romance had ceased to be. He felt that these men must have been sturdy and straight of back because their soldier's training had made them so. It was an old folks' affair, these Memorial Day exercises, a rite and ceremonial whose birth was in a past very dim indeed.

The one who was that small boy knows now that they were no ancients who marched the dusty two miles to the cemetery that May morning in the early Eighties. He knows now that not a half dozen of them probably had passed their fortieth year. Their hair was still unwhitened, their shoulders unburdened of the weight of days, their faces unseamed by that weariness which comes upon men only when the last of youth has welled away. It was as youngsters that they had tramepd the endless marches, endured the rain and the snow and the pitiless sun, suffered the hell of battle and learned the profoundest meaning of pain.

It takes some effort of the imagination to conceive how young those armies were. It is not improbable that many veterans themselves do not realize it. Examine some of the wartime photographs, printed even after the soldiers had let nature take its fecund course in the matter of whiskers, and you see that scarcely one man in ten was beyond what we now consider the school boy age. In Mr. Lincoln's nine calls for troops, an age limit was fixed, below which the recruiting officers were not to accept applicants. But it was a law largely honored in the breach. The boy who looked the strength to hold a musket could go to war and thousands of boys who had not the strength did go. They are down in the records as men. But manhood came upon them in the camp and amid the issues of the charge, the siege and the wait while death was in the air. There was a picture that raised much laughter when the war at its beginning—of a mother presenting her departing soldier son with an umbrella. One feels that it might have been better to have given the youngster an old-fashioned strapping and hurried him back to his school room.

Honor we shall always those who fought for what fighting was needful. Not less to honor is the high courage of those times which carried scarce formed men through the cruelest trials and agonies that ever men are called upon to undergo.

COMBINING AGAINST THE GRASSHOPPER

Dispatches from Texas report the invasion of a column of grasshoppers, coming from no one knows where and going apparently in no particular direction or hurry. They have eaten every green things growing along the route over which they move and, as in all such reports ever published, have left despair among the farmers and the threat of ruin over every enterprise dependant upon agricultural prosperity.

There is one thing, however, to be noted about this visitation which marks it off from others recorded in history—government, state and railroad experts have combined their expertness and with an army of men are undertaking to stay the march of the plague and place a definite limit upon its destructiveness. Though men labored to save their own in former catastrophes of the sort, it was assumed that there really was nothing to do, nothing that could be done. The plagues were like cyclones, beyond human power to quell or conquer. But they are held in less terror now. They are not such curses as they were. And it is because men have learned to unite their strength and to make the most of their aggregate intelligence. They have done wonderful things through combination and they have come to nourish the faith that there is little they cannot do by means of it.

GLOOM IN WALL STREET

In spite of little spells of trembling over the uncertainties created by the tariff discussion, business has been doing very nicely the last few months. One read of extraordinary exports, of steel and iron mills booked with orders months ahead of their capacity to deliver products, of prospects for another astonishing yield of grain. Nearly every city is experiencing a building boom. The reports of charter issuing bureaus indicate a readiness on the part of capital to undertake new enterprise. There are several important railroad extensions now under way.

Yet so far as Wall street is concerned, the country has been in the bottomless pit of industrial and commercial depression. Stock prices have slipped down and down. Trading in stocks has seemed akin to the lugubrious exchange of views among the mourners of a funeral.

The reason for the quiet spell and the weakening prices of Wall street is a quite simple one. They have a term for it in the stock bartering trade. It is this, "The public is keeping out." Which means that the investors who buy to get dividends and interest for their money, not to gamble upon prices rising or prices falling, have been avoiding Wall street. As merchants, cannot live by merely trading with one another, so stock brokers are pinched when the investor comes to buy that which the brokers, for a commission, are prepared and eager to get for him. In Wall street it has been as if the shelves were loaded with goods, but the aisles empty of purchasers.

But there are signs now that the "public is coming in," to use another term peculiar to the Street. You will not perceive the public entering by noting a marked increase in the total sales reported by the two big stock exchanges of lower New York, but in reports made by dealers who specialize in stocks not listed on the exchanges. These brokers tell of sales of securities in lots of fifty, twenty-five, ten, five, three and two shares, even of requests for the sale of a single share. Folk with a little money to invest are buying where they think the buying is good. They represent the pole farthest away from speculation.

The statement is made by close observers of the security markets that the day of vast buying and selling is past. There may never again be billion-share trading days, perhaps very few half-million-share trading days. The factors are working against speculation, at least upon the former stupendous scales, and working for the promotion of legitimate investment. The small-lot buyer once despised, will be welcomed every day, dull or lively, as he is now welcomed in dull days. The small-lot buyer is not very much in force just now. But as signs are interpreted in Wall street, he will shortly be plentiful enough and pessimism will have fled the exchanges. The securities market, before many weeks, may come somewhere near reflecting, not as it does now the indifference of the public, but the true state of business throughout the country.

THE BENEFICIARIES OF FLOOD.

It appears that there are folk of the flood belt who can look back upon the March inundations with complaisance, if not with something akin to gratitude.

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal:

Along the lower Ohio river some of the land owners have been congratulating thmselves that while the flood did them some damage it compensated them by leaving five or six inches of rich sediment on their lands. Deposits of this kind insure good crops at no expense for fertilizer.

No one can be inclined to begrudge these people of the lower Ohio the good luck that has come to them. It is pleasant to think that the soil washed from Ohio farms is not lost to human usefulness forever. But it would be well to pray that there are not enough of these beneficiaries to constitute a standpat class well content with an annual visitation of high water and convinced, since they are well off, that everything is for the best in this best of worlds. Nearly unanimous support in the Mississippi valley is needed to compel the government to make the great appropriations which must be made to regulate flood waters. Without that, the government will stick to the old policy of puttering at the flood problem while the flood problem proceeds to get bigger and bigger.

THE REASONABLE WOMAN.

In a small Connecticut community, the mistress of a school became suddenly aware that other sounds than the gentle chirping of nesting birds were floating in upon the spring breezes. They were sounds of a nature it is against the postal laws to reproduce in type—charged with vigor, but devoid absolutely of beauty. The schoolma'am went forth and beheld a farm hand plowing up a stubble field with an ancient, ear-flopping mule as motive power. She protested against the farm-hand's language.

'Well, now," answered the plowman, "it is too bad that you don't like my lingo. I've always been complimented upon it before. But you can see for yourself that I'm drivin' a mule, an' how the mischief, I want to know, am I goin' to get this here field plowed up unless I talk mule talk?"

Seemingly, the school mistress saw the force of the plowman's argument, for she went back to her pupils and sent them home with the admonition to forget what they had learned through the windows.

They are a reasonable people, the Connecticut villagers.

PARLOR ABOLISHED.

In that mysterious room which held the best furniture and a musty, closed-in atmosphere all its own, there were articles upon the mantelpiece of strange artifice, form and color. There was the model of a catamaran which a wandering uncle had brought home from the islands. There was the sea shell in which you heard the roar of the sea when you placed it to the ear. There was a heavy water-worn pebble that had been picked up when the "line" was run through the north "forty" And perhaps, too, there was an arrowhead or so, or an Indian pipe or one of those paperweights which came from the Penn elm and were sold in such prodigious numbers at the centennial fair.

The parlor, at least of that inviolate type, has passed away. And with it has gone all those queer articles which it was permitted a child to handle possibly not more than once a year, things to quicken his imagination and send him away in day dreams in which Indians and sailors and pirates and the savages of far countries moved and had their being scarce less real than reality.

It may be that it was all very foolish to sacrifice good room in order that occasional visitors might be impressed. But surely casting the model of the catamaran, the sea shell and the arrow heads into the ash pile has been an error of judgment It has deprived boyhood of such stimulants to romance as he may never find in the ingenious toys and richly illustrated books fond parentage rains upon him.

THE TOUGH OLD PROBLEM.

Upon Thaddeus Stevens' retirement from the legislature of Pennsylvania in the year 1841, a Harrisburg newspaper paid him this tribute:

To judge of the powers of Thaddeus Stevens, it is only necessary to review * * * his able and practical remarks on the vital importance of the protective policy to the interests of our nation, showing how the flood of commerce poured into England under the Navigation act, how Holland, once the commercial carrier of the world, was paralyzed under the free trade doctrines, and how the first principle of legislation demands that home labor should be fostered and protected.

The tariff question is older, far older, than Thaddeus Stevens, and yet, save in the instance of Germany, no country has made a scientific study and application of it and no nation at all has indicated general satisfaction with the policy in force. The most enthusiastic advocates of the Underwood tariff bill must not deceive themselves with the notion that the present calculations will come anywhere near solving this difficult old problem. It seems destined to stay by us so long as there is international commerce, so long, indeed, as there are nations.

BUSINESS ETHICS.

The Wall Street Journal has recently gained access to a list of examination questions asked of the students in a course of business ethics in the New York University, among which were these:

What is the fault of the New York Stock Exchange?

Is business an occupation or a profession?

Has the business man a right to enormous compensation today?

Is the influence of labor unions ethical?

Is speculation ever warranted by ethics? Is short selling?

The far-flung character of these queries reminds us of that request for information which once came to the Blade, to-wit, "What are the functions?" But that is of minor interest.

The important thing disclosed to us by a study of the questions is that in the mind of the professor or instructor who prepared the test there is nothing unanswerable about them. Apparently he has an ethical chart which will make the voyage of life quite easy sailing for the budding business men of his class. "Is speculation ever warranted by ethics?" is asked. You scratch your head over that and think of what benefits to humanity have grown out of some speculation and what sorrow has developed out of other speculation. You seek for the line of division between profession and occupation and, perhaps, give it up. You wonder why, if the New York stock exchange has only one fault, it wouldn't be kindly and tolerant to keep silent about it. But, then, you are not in any university cloister, but out in a world very complex and confusing and as full of dilemmas as a watermelon is full of seeds.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says there is nothing the matter with the American stomach. This confirms the opinion we have always held, that the average stomach will lead a blameless life if treated with consideration and respect.

Love isn't always blind. Sometimes it is merely cross-eyed.

Sunday School

THE POTENTATE AS A MAN

The International Sunday School Lesson for June 8 Is: "Joseph Forgives His Brethren." Gen. 45: 1-46; 7.

By William T. Ellis.

Everybody is first of all human. The personal relationships are the most important. Before a man is a public official, he is a son or husband or father or friend. Many a man who is weighed down with cares of state really has as his first and deepest concern the waywardness of a son, the illness of a dear one, or some other like burden. The loneliness of the leader of men, the lack of personal sympathy and sweet fellowship which lesser men enjoy, is one of the penalties of public service. Kipling has pictured this well in his "Song of Diego Valdez," who, because he was Lord High Admiral of Spain, could no longer enjoy the liberty and pleasures of the comrades of his youth.

The floods of purely human emotion overwhelm Joseph, the great ruler of Egypt, in the present Sunday school lesson. He had tested his once-cruel brothers, by many devices, and had found them changed men. All that the responsibilities and caution of his high office required of him he had done, and now he flings aside all robes of state, all titles, all exaltation, and becomes only a lonely, homesick man, hungry for the love of those of his own blood. The story is too fine to be marred by summarizing; here it is as the inspired narrative gives it:

The Great Reunion.

"And Israel took his journey with all that he had, and came to Beersheba, and offered sacrifices unto the God of his father Isaac. And God spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, and said, Jacob, Jacob. And he said, Here I am. And he said, I am God, the God of thy father; fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation; I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will also surely bring thee up again; and Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes. And Jacob rose up from Beersheba; and the sons of Israel carried Jacob their father, and their little ones, their wives, in the wagons which Pharaoh had sent to carry him. And they took their cattle, and their goods, which they had gotten in the land of Canaan, and came into Egypt, Jacob and all his seed with him; his sons and his sons' sons with him, his daughters, and his sons' daughters, and all his seed brought he with him into Egypt.

"And these are the names of the children of Israel who came into Egypt: Jacob and his sons: Reuben, Jacob's first-born. And the sons of Reuben: Hanoch, and Pallu, and Hezron, and Carmi. And the sons of Simeon: Jemuel, and Jamlin, and Ohad, and Jachin, and Zohar, and Saul, the son of a Canaanitish woman. And the sons of Levi: Gershon, Kohath and Merari. And the sons of Judah: Er, and Onan, and Shelah, and Perez, and Zerah; but Er and Onan died in the land of Canan. And the sons of Perez were Hezron and Hamul. And the sons of Issachar: Tolar, and Puvah, and Iob and Shimron. And the sons of Zebulum: Sered, and Elon and Jahleel. These are the sons of Leah, whom she bare unto Jacob in Paddanaram, with his daughter, Dinah: All the souls of his sons and his daughters were thirty and three. And the sons of Gad: Ziphion, and Haggi, and Shuni, and Ezbon, Eri and Arodi, and Areli. And the sons of Asher: Imnah, and Isvah, and Ishvi, and Beriah, and Serah, their sister; and the sons of Beriah: Heber, and Malchiel. These are the sons of Zilpah, whom Laban gave to Leah, his daughter: and these she bare unto Jacob, even sixteen souls. The sons of Rachael, Jacob's wife: Joseph and Benjamin. And unto Joseph in the land of Egypt were born Manesseh and Ephraim, whom Asenath, the daughter of Poti-phera priest of On, bare unto him. And the sons of Benjamin: Bela and Becher, and Ashbel, Gera and Naaman, Ehi and Besh, Muppim and Huppim, and Ard. These are the sons of Rachel, who were born to Jacob: all the souls were fourteen. And the sons of Dan: Hushim. And the sons of Naphtali: Jahzeel, and Guni, and Jezer, and Shillem. These are the sons of Bilhah, whom Laban gave unto Rachel, his daughter, and these she bare unto Jacob: all the souls were seven. All the souls that came with Jacob into Egypt that came out of his loins, besides Jacob's sons' wives, all the souls were three score and six, and the sons of Joseph who were born to him in Egypt, were two souls; all the souls of the house of Jacob, that came into Egypt, were three score and ten.

"And he sent Judah before him unto Joseph, to show the way before him unto Goshen; and they came into the land of Goshen. And Joseph made ready his chariot and went up to meet Israel, his father, to Goshen; and he presented himself unto him, and fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while. And Israel said unto Joseph, Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, that thou art yet alive. And Joseph said unto his brethren, and unto his father's house. I will go up, and tell Pharaoh, and will say unto him, My brethren, and my fathers' house who were in the land of Canaan, are come unto me; and the men are shepherds, for they have been keepers of cattle; and they have brought their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have. And it shall come to pass, when Pharaoh shall call you, and shall say, What is your occupation? that ye shall say. Thy servants have been keepers of cattle from our youth even until now, both we, and our fathers; that ye may dwell in the land of Goshen; for every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians."

When the Past Becomes Plain.

When we look backward the providences of God become plain. The "why" of the experiences which once troubled us most is usually revealed by time. Disasters in the long look, become triumphs, adversity appears as truest prosperity; and our unanswered prayers cause us to praise a wise Father who has led us by a way we know not. The providence in Joseph's tragic career was clear as the ruler stood in the presence of the family whose life his was to preserve. Even Joseph could not see the still greater purposes of God in bringing Israel into Egypt.

An annonymous little article, "Answered Prayer," is floating through the religious press, and it illustrates this phase of the day's lesson:

"He asked for riches that he might achieve. he was made weak that he might obey.

"He asked for health that he might do greater things; he was given infirmity that he might do better things

"He asked for riches that he might be happy; he was given poverty that he might be wise.

"He asked for power that he might have the praise of men; he was given weakness that he might feel the need of God.

"He asked for all things that he might enjoy life; he was given life that he might enjoy all things.

"He has received nothing that he asked for, all that he hoped for. His prayer was answered."

The Forgiven Offenders.

Somebody has said that one of the distinctive doctrines of the Christian religion is its teaching concerning forgiveness. All of us who know life understand that there is ever need of forgiveness. Men wrong us; we wrong men. Hurts befall us along all the way. Misunderstandings are as certain as existence itself. Frail humanity does unkind deeds, unjust deeds, hurtful deeds. Anybody might be tempted to self-pity if he were to recount the injustices he has suffered; and that would be weak and wrong. More wholesome is it to recall the times we have wounded our brothers, and have had need of their forgiveness.

Hate hurts the hater; forgiveness feeds the forgiver. Vindictiveness is vinegar in the soul. Revenge is not sweet; it is the bitterest morsel man may taste. The Joseph way of magnanimity is the way of the great; and it is the way of God. Joseph forgave his brothers, and gave himself to them in lavish brother love.

That is the only way to forgive. "Nagging" over a closed incident is the devil's intimation of the divine doctrine of forgiveness. God blots out the sins He forgives, and remembers them no more. The Great Teacher, in the model prayer, lays such stress upon human forgiveness that he makes the forgiveness dependent upon it. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." The story of Joseph is the Old Testament's greatest ante-type of the Perfect One, who cried mercy upon His murderers while in His death agony, "Father forgive them; they know not what they do."

Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune.

THE MAGIC SKIN, By Honore de Balzac.

Raphael De Valentine, orphaned son of an impoverished French marquis, grew tired of the poverty and hopelessness of his life. He chanced upon a small sum of money and he calmly decided to use it in drinking himself to death. But his strength lasted longer than his cash. And after a prolonged debauch he was still alive but penniless.

He started toward the Seine with a vague idea of drowning himself. On the way he strolled into a shop where antiques were sold. The shopkeeper, a weird, hideous old man, fell into talk with Raphael and learned of the suicide plan. The old fellow, on hearing the story, turned to the wall and took down a piece of wild donkey's skin, about the size of a fox's. This he presented to Raphael.

It was—so an Arabic inscription on its surface declared—a "Magic Skin," with the following strange powers: Every wish of its owner would be at once granted. But, at the granting of each wish, the skin would become a little smaller. And, when the skin had shrunk to nothing its possessor must die.

A Bargain With Fate.

Raphael eagerly accepted the Skin—and its terrible conditions. It meant merely that his contemplated suicide would be postponed, and that in the mean time every joy and luxury of life should be his. His first wish—to test the Skin's powers, which he half doubted—was for a gorgeous banquet. Even as he left the antiquary's shop he ran into a group of friends who invited him to one.

Next he wished for a huge fortune. The following morning word came that his immensely rich uncle in India had died, leaving Raphael his sole heir. After each wish he measured the Skin, and always it had grown smaller. Thus ever in the midst of his good fortune he saw death creeping closer and closer to him.

To keep from making the Skin shrink too rapidly Raphael hired a man to do his wishing for him. In other words, to order his food, suggest his exercises, amusements and every feature of the day's routine, so that Raphael would have nothing for which to wish. Nevertheless, since wishing is a fixed habit, the Skin continued to grow smaller, and Raphael's health began to break down. Daily he grew thinner and weaker, his constant worry still further hastening the progress of his malady.

He dared not express even the most trivial wish lest it cut still shorter his dwindling span of life. Yet, despite his caution, he found himself unconsciously forming wishes. For instance, a former college professor whom he had known in boyhood asked Raphael's help in getting a job. Raphael thoughtlessly said:

"I can't help you. But I heartily wish you may win the position."

The Skin at once shrank. The professor got his coveted job. But at the cost of a slice of Raphael's life.

At the opera one night Raphael chanced to meet a former sweetheart, Paulin Gaudin, whom in early days he had been too poor to marry. At this reunion the young people fell in love with each other once more. And shortly afterward they were married. For a time they were very happy. But the cloud soon resettled over Raphael. The Skin was now barely half a foot square.

Raphael was provoked into a duel. His wish that he might kill his opponent was granted. But at a visible loss to the Magic Skin's size. Consumption was ravaging the young man's body. Again he tried to live without wishes. But it was too late. The Skin was now a mere fragment. There was space on its surface for but one more wish. Death was very near.

The Last Wish.

In despair Raphael told Pauline the whole horrible story of the enchantment. Frantic at what she had just heard, the luckless woman tried to kill herself lest she outlive the husband she adored.

Raphael discovered her mad intention just in time to save her from self-destruction. Thinking she was dying, he cried in agony:

"Oh, Pauline, I want to die with you!"

He had voiced his last wish. The Skin vanished. Raphael fell dead at his wife's feet.

"Simple tuberculosis," was the verdict of the family doctor. "All that talk of a 'Magic Skin' was just a sick man's hallucination."

Men Take Place of Draft Horses

Stewart Edward White, in Harper's Magazine.

THERE are no horses or draft animals in Mombasa; the fly is too deadly. Therefore all hauling is done by hand. The tiny tracks of the unique street car system run everywhere any one would wish to go, branching off into private grounds and to the very front doors of bungalows situated far out of town. Each resident owns his own street car, just as elsewhere a man has his own carriage. There are, of course, public cars also, each with its pair of boys to push it, and also a number of rather decrepit rickshaws. As a natural corollary to the passenger traffic the freighting also is handled by the blacks on large, flat trucks, with short guiding poles. These men are quite naked except for a small loin cloth; are beautifully shaped, and glisten all over from the perspiration shining in the sun. So fine is the texture of their skins, the play of muscles, that this shining perspiration is like a beautiful polish. They push from behind, slowly and steadily and patiently and unwaveringly, the most tremendous loads of the heaviest stuffs. When the hill becomes too steep for them they turn their backs against the truck, and by placing one foot behind the other, a few inches at a time, they edge their burden up the slope.

A Poem Worth While

True Nobleness.

Who tills a field or prunes a tree
Or tends a forge supremely well,
Is more than priest or potentate,
Or anchorite in cell.

Who keeps a flock or holds a plow,
Or serves the white-winged ships that bring
To us earth's merchandise, may be
More royal than a king.

For whatsover we may do—
And whatsoever we may be—
In dilligence—in skill is found
Our honor and degree!

—Arthur Goodenough.

VARIETIES

Arrowroot has doubled in price within two years.

Cocoanuts in Honduras cost only $3 a thousand.

In the time of Hadrian, Rome had a population of not less than 1,400,000. Today it is less than 400,000.

The telephone wires of the United States are long enough to make 9 lines to the moon.

Some Italian vineyards are cultivated on the faces of almost perpendicular cliffs.

The greater part of Chilean coal is so soft that fully 30 per cent of it is wasted in the mines.

Part of the Kern oil fields of California have been set aside for the use of the navy in case of need.

Equador offers no market for stoves. The native cooks declare that the heat from them causes fever.

Germans in Philadelphia are demanding that their language be taught in the elementary schools of the city.

By using finely powdered ingredients and great pressure cement articles have been made to resemble porcelain.

The shoe product of the United States exceeds that of England, France, Germany and Italy, with a few more countries thrown in.

High pressure gas lights have been found to be just as effective as the flaming are in Manchester, but the latter are more economical.

In most parts of China wood is very scarce and costly. Most of the trees were cut down long ago, and every year dry leaves and grass are raked and gathered with the utmost care.

One of the German navy's dirigible balloons is being fitted with a 40,000-candle power searchlight, capable of illuminating the surface of the sea from a hight of 5,000 feet.

By an ingenious machine a California rancher slices into chips potatoes that are unsalable for various reasons, dries them and stores them for use as stock feed in winter.

The French inventor of a telephone antedating that of Alexander Graham Bell by 20 years, recently died in comparative obscurity in Paris.

The English government is planning to provide scholarships that will make possible a university education for every boy and girl attaining a certain standard.

German typewriters are rapidly rivaling the machines made in America for the German market. There is a growing feeling throughout the empire that home products should receive the preference wherever possible.

Steamships seldom last more than 40 years. Of those built between 1815 and 1835 there is not one afloat. The life of the modern steel ship is much shorter than that of her wooden predecessor. As for warships they are usually scrapped at the age of 20.

A London firm has 60 display windows in its store and recently all the windows were filled with a display of women's hats. Nearly 7,000 hats were shown, and it was believed that every woman in London could find at least one to suit her.

In Ipoh (Malay peninsula), one of the pioneer motor cars in the country, is now in almost constant use as a hearse. Hauled by coolies, the proud old pioneer wends its frequent, slow, laborious way to the cemetery.

The French military authorities make use of an ingenious invention to protect their carrier pigeons against hawks. The apparatus consists of a very tiny whistle and a screw attached to the pigeon, whose flight causes the crew to revolve and blow the whistle. The noise effectually scares away the enemy.

The walls of the Brighton (England) workhouse are adorned with water color drawings by a former inmate, Claude Cooper. The works are well executed, and for the most part represent Sussex scenery. Cooper, who is about 60 years old, has done them all from memory. He recently received a grant from the Artists' Society.

A Russian specialist in agriculture, on a recent visit to fruit canning plants in California, expressed surprise that an apricot marmalade was made at the canneries, and said that there is an immense demand for this product in Russia. He also gave it as his opinion that much of the dried fruit that is being shipped into Russia from France as a French product is in reality American fruit, repacked in French cartons.

A six-foot clock which stands in an office at Carlisle, Pa., has been operated by electricity from the earth since 1870. A wire runs from the earth to a magnet in the clock and so constantly has the supply of electricity been that the clock has run well-nigh continuously since it was invented.

A young woman who sang at the city farm colony on Staten Island, New York city, received a present of one hundred violets from each of the one thousand men and women inmates. They picked the flowers themselves and turned them into a monster bouquet.

St. Louis university, through the aid of the new wireless station, will keep its sister intitution as well as a number of the outlying government weather bureau posted on earthquakes and other like phenomena in the future, according to an announcement made at the university.

There were three thousand fewer homestead entries in western Canada last year than in 1911. A newspaper of political bias charges it to the politicians. But the Manitoba Free Press says that the growing scarcity of land within reasonable distance of the railways owing to the great rush for it has caused the decrease.

Moving pictures, say the Bulletin of the Authors' League of America, are no longer an experiment, they are an institution; they have attained a dignity equaling that of the drama. The result is that "there is a market for good plots and several dramatic agencies have established departments for the exclusive handling of poving pictures."

Dr. Otto Brill, the first man to manufacture radium in this country, is an Austrian chemist, who came to the United States seven months ago to direct and develop the radium manufacturing plant at Pittsburg. This country now leads the world in the production of the chemical, and the six grams a year is greater than the rest of the world combined is producing.

In former days the oil engine was heavily handicapped by the high price of both crude and refined oil. Gasoline was then a by-product selling at 5 cents or even less. But the lapse of time has completely reversed the market relations of gasoline and oil. Oil production is in excess of consumption. Kerosene is now the by-product and is quoted at 60 per cent. less than gasoline.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

A BOYS' CORNER

A Word With Young Men.

It is as easy to be a great man as a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind, would save debts, give more time to business and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain," says a writer in Work With Boys. Be prompt, keep your word, honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do anything at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time.

"If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, then go promptly go about your own business.

"Do not stop to tell stories in business hours. If you have a place of business be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never 'fool' on business matters. Have order, system, regularity, liberality, promptness. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article you do not need simply because it is cheap and the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Add but never give what you can not afford to simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no; no necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidents—the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times. Young man, cut this out, and if there be folly in the arguments, let us know."—Exchange.

The Price of Success.

To know every detail, to gain an insight into each secret, to learn every method, to secure every kind of skill, are the prime necessities of success in any art, craft or trade. No time is too long, no study too hard, no discipline too severe for the attainment of complete familiarity with one's work and complete ease and skill in the doing of it. As a man values his working life, he must be willing to pay the highest price of success in it—the price which severe training exacts.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Armor-Plated Boys.

It is said that boys should be armor-plated these days, so as to be proof against the encroachments of sin—the powerful influences that seemingly appeal to the weak places in human nature, and even forcibly assault the stronger ones. This ironclad protection, it is wisely insisted, needs to be on the boy's lips, that he may never taste liquor; over his ears, that he may hear no bad words; about his hands, so that they may engage in no wrong doing; on his heart, that he may not yield to sin in any form; over his eyes, that he may read no bad books and look upon no impure pictures; upon his pocket, to keep out dishonest money; and on his tongue, lest he engage in evil speaking. With such an armor the Christian is well protected from the assaults of sin, thereby furnishing more security to the nation than the largest and most efficient army and navy can give. Clothe the individual citizens of the land with this spiritual armor, which amount to an ironclad protection against all sin in all forms, enemies in every guise, and all will be safe and satisfactory in society, church and state. Of course the devil, in spite of the fact that the broader creeds have put him out of commission, still goes about seeking whom he may devour, but with all the avenues of life protected against him, God's grace will be sufficient for us.—Telescope.

Don'ts for Young Men.

Don't call you father the "old man," nor your mother the "old woman." The world has no respect for a man who does not respect his parents.

Don't forget that smoking cigarettes and drinking liquor never made men out of boys, but it has made fools out of men.

Don't try to see how quickly you can get a thing done, but work well. Keep your eye on your work, and not on the clock. We are here to do things right.

Don't forget that it is better to chase a baseball than a highball, and in college keep after the sheepskin as well as the pigskin.

Don't fail to treat the other fellow's sister as well as you want him to treat yours. When getting married, your wife has as much right to expect a good past from you as you have to expect it from her.

Don't fall in love with a girl simply because he is a good looker, a good dresser or a good dancer. Temperament is the thing you live with after the first year of married life. Nothing can take the place of a cheerful disposition and a good character.

Don't forget that honesty is better than shrewdness. Character is the capital on which fortune is built.

Lincoln's Estimate of the Bible.

Replying to a committee of colored people of Baltimore, who presented President Lincoln with a Bible, October, 1864, he said: "In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given man. All the good from the Savior of the world is communicated to us through this book. But for this book we could not know right from wrong. All those things desirable to man are contained in it."

Benjamin Franklin's Toast.

(First published in 1797.)

At the conclusion of the war, Dr. Franklin, the English ambassador, and the French minister, Vergennes, were dining together at Versailles. A toast from each was called for, and agreed to.

The British minister began with:

"George the Third, who, like the sun in its meridian, spreads a luster throughout, and enlightens the world."

The French minister followed with:

"The illustrious Louis XVI., who, like the moon, sheds his mild and benignant rays on, and influences, the globe."

Our American Franklin then gave:

"George Washington, commander of the American armies, who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

Mary, England's Youngest Princess, Just Sweet Sixteen

PRINCESS MARY, OF ENGLAND, at SWEET SIXTEEN

Princess Mary, daughter of the king and queen of England, is shown here as she looked on her sixteenth birthday, April 25. She is her royal father's favorite and often accompanies him on his official trips as well as pleasure outings. She is an ardent horsewoman and has a passion for golf. She shares her parents' dislike for the suffragettes. Because of her youth the gossips in royal circles have not yet considered her name in connection with marriage, being more interested in that regard with her brother, the Prince of Wales.

HOUSEHOLD

Will some one please give me a recipe for canning peas and corn?—Mrs. G. M.

Tell Mrs. G. W. B., Pa., that I think that if she uses red seal lye in hot water with a broom or scrub brush she may possibly remove the paint from her woodwork, but be careful if there are any glued places in using water; may be this will help her.—Mrs. L. L.

There are edible mushrooms called "inkcaps" growing here. Will some one who knows please tell us how they are prepared for the table and greatly oblige.—Mrs. E. S., Iowa.

Cleaning Paint.

The woodwork of a kitchen painted with some color adds much to the pleasures of living within its borders, and there is no pleasure in seeing dirty woodwork. With a little work it can be washed and easily kept clean by using good, pure whiting, warm water and a large piece of flannel. Dip the cloth in the water and wring out nearly dry, then roll around in the whiting, getting all that will stick on the cloth. Apply to the painted surface with a light rubbing, which will start the dirt and grease, and you can just see that unsightly surface crawl; follow up with warm rainwater, not too warm, however, and dry with a large outing cloth.

The paint will come out looking like when it was first put on, and the colors will not be injured the least particle; delicate blues, pinks, browns or greens will come out of this cleaning the same shade as when the paint was first put on the woodwork. Never wash woodwork with soap and water; it takes so much time, is back-breaking work and you feel so tired when you are done, and then no doubt you have injured the colors, and the acid in the soap, making the paint tacky, will thus catch more dirt and grease than before it was washed. I have tried both ways, but the whiting way beats any other method.—Ex.

What a Wife Needs.

She needs a good temper, a cheerful disposition and a knowledge of how her husband should be treated.

She needs a capability of looking on the bright side of life and refusing to be worried by small things.

She needs a sympathetic nature in order that should sorrow fall upon them she may be able to give comfort to her husband.

Our Correspondents

I would like very much to have the song "Cottage by the Sea" printed in the Poet's Corner of the Blade. Would like if possible to know the author's name, and upon what occasion this poem was written, and whether the lady's husband is dead or has deserted her. Would be very thankful if some one could enlighten me.—B. G.

George Sleppy, Constantine, Mich., aged sixty, and who has been entirely blind for sixteen years, always has a cheerful smile for everybody. His wife wishes he might have a post card shower from the readers.

L. B., says the test of true friendship is in times of prosperity, not adversity. Adversity is ever a stimulus to true friendship, but it is a test to give the same strength of companionship o one in the sunchine. "A man's prosperity is the greatest trial of his true friends. For our very self-respect renders us sensitive, quick to be hurt, apt to imagine that his prosperity has changed him, and so we place ourselves on guard.

"If we but pass the test of prosperity, we need not be afraid of adversity, nor hesitate to say, "I will stand by you through thick and thin."

Mrs. G. F. D. Va., says that she helps her husband in the field, and he helps her in the house. "We believe in helping one another."

Will some of the readers of this page give me some information about Catalpa Speciosa—where I may get seed or bushes and cost of same. I enjoy reading The Blade very much. I read many papers and it compares favorably with any of them. L. B. wants "a nature lover letter," if he will begin studying the Bible, with the sole thought of comprehending the law of seven, I think nature will unfold to him many of the things she has locked up in her storehouse. He will find Pandora's box there.—R. G. W., Ark.

Miss E. P., Ohio, has heirlooms, candle molds, candle sticks, a pewter tea pot, all over 100 years old; also old McGuffey and Appleton readers, a geography printed in 1816; A Soliloquy of the Soul printed in 1800.

Mrs. M. R., Mo., is pround to be a farmer's wife. She is the young mother of two little girls, "the joy and life of her home."

Is it not the motherly mothers that furnish the power of the wheels that run this great and good nation? They are doing their share nobly. I will write on Florida if agreeable to the editor; have spent several months there.—Florida Alligator.

This will be very agreeable to the editor as well as the readers.—M. H.

I should like to see the subject of step-mothers, fathers and children discussed through the Peace Page and does a man or woman love their second wife or husband as well as the first one?

I shall always love the memory of "Our Elizabeth" as she allowed us to call her. I never saw her, but loved her just the same.

May we call our new editor "Our Martha?—Bevelonion.

I should be glad if you all felt that I was your Martha. That's who I wish to be, and to make myself as useful to you in all ways as possible.—M. H.

S. C. N.: You can get a Columbian orator of W. J. Gray, Lafayette, Tenn., or of F. I. Howard, Buckville, N. Y.

Will Annie M. who wrote to the Blade a year ago please send her present address?

Sewing machines valued at $10,000,000 were exported from this country in 1912, more than $4,000,000 worth going to Europe.

POETS' CORNER

THE JOLLY TREE

By Pauline Frances Camp in St. Nicholas.

If you never have planted a Jolly Tree
Don't wait for an Arbor day,
But take a bit of advice from me,
And do it without delay.
It starts from a little, smiley seed,
And quick as a flash 'twill sprout.
And when you have tasted the fruit, indeed,
You never will be without.

As soon as the smiley seed is in,
At once it begins to grow;
And the dear little giggle-buds begin
Their gay little heads to show.
And truly amazing it is to see,
How in less than a wink and a half,
A giggle-bud can grow to be
The jolliest kind of a laugh.

The fruit is a cure-all, the doctors say—
The very thing for the blues;
And when 'tis applied in the proper way,
Is good for a bump or bruise.
Plain bread and butter, a treat will be,
With jolly sauce on the tray,
Oh, come, let us plant a Jolly Tree,
Nor wait for an Arbor day.

THE CHEERING FAIRY

The Children's Magazine.

When a little man
Does the very best he can,
Not for pay in baubles bright,
But because he loves the right,
A fairy shouts "Hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"
None hear the cheer except the little man;
That's why he smiles.

When a little maid
Goes, when called, to mother's aid,
Leaving merry friends at play,
Friends who plead with her to stay,
A fairy shouts, "Hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah"
None hear the cheer except the little maid;
That's why she smiles.

This little fairy dwells apart
From fairies of the selfish brood;
'Tis from its home within the heart
It loves to cheer the brave, the good!

I DIDN'T THINK.

Exchange.

If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to the start,
We'd find not one in 10 began
From want of willing heart;
But there's a sly, woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away—
The elf, "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
His mien is all contrite;
He so regrets the woe he wrought,
And wants to make things right.
But wishes do not heal a wound,
Nor weld a brokan link;
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
All through "I didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think" will quick depart
For lack of resting place.
If from the great, unselfish stream
The Golden Rule we drink,
We'll keep God's laws, and have no cause
To say, "I didn't think."

A MORNING HYMN

Isaac Watts.

God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the East,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

Oh, like the sun may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

(But I shall rove, and lose the race
If God my Sun, should disappear
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.)

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bl'ss;
All my desires and hopes besides
Are faint, and cold, compar'd with this.

IF WE BUT KNEW

Annie S. Swan, in the British Weekly.

If we but knew that through the closing door
Some one we love would enter never more,
Would we not hasten with our richest store?
If we but knew!

If we but knew that from the market place
Soon we should miss some kind, familiar face,
Would our cold greetings not be touched with grace?
If we but knew!

If we but knew some heart beside our own
Had walked in dark Gethsemane alone,
Oh! with what largesse would our love be shown!
If we but knew!

Dear Jesus, patient, understanding, kind,
Why are thy lost sheep in a winter wind?
Forgive us that we are so willful blind!
Teach us to know!

SUPPOSE

By Grace W. Castle.

If all that we say
In a single day,
With never a word left out,
Were printed each night
In clear black and white,
'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt.

And then just suppose
Ere one's eyes he could close,
He must read the day's record through.
Then wouldn't one sigh,
And wouldn't he try
A great deal less talking to do?

And I more than half think
That many a kink
Would be smothered in life's tangled thread,
If one half that we say
In a single day
Were left forever unsaid.

MACHINE MADE

Three Germans have invented a machine which digests vegetables, like a cow, and gives a chemical milk.—London Dispatch.

The cow that once at Sarah's call
Came to the milking shed,
Will soon be gone for good and all
Unless we're much misled.
The lacteal pride of former days
She used to yield of yore,
Which veritable cream displays,
Will froth in pails no more.

No more the meadows bright
The song of Sarah swells—
Machinery—morn, noon and night—
Its tale of wonder tells;
For science now is wide awake,
Synthetic milk she gives.
And once she gives synthetic steak,
The cow no longer lives!
—New York Tribune.

WHAT AM I?

Christian Intelligencer.

I'm sometimes made of silver,
I'm often made of gold,
I always have a lots of dents
Both when I'm new and old;
I'm something that the little girls
Will very useful find
When they their dollies' clothes would make
Like little mother's kind;
I push a little bar of steel
Which has a tiny eye,
And I will be your busy friend
And make the moments fly.

THE WATER MILL

Listen to the water mill; all the livelong day,
How the creaking of the wheel wears the hours away,
Languidly the water glides, useless on and still,
Never coming back again to that water mill.
And the proverb haunts my mind, like a spell that's cast,
"The mill will never grind with the water that is past."

Take the lesson to yourself, loving hearts and true,
Golden years are fleeting by; youth is fleeting, too.
Try and make the most of life lose no honest way
Time will never bring you chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid, love while life shall last,
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Work while yet the daylight shines man of strength and will,
Never does the streamlet glide, useless by the mill;
Wait not till tomorrow's sun dawns upon your way,
All that you can call your own lies in the today.
Power, intellect and strength, may not, cannot last,
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Oh, the wasted love of life, that has drifted by
Oh, the good we might have done, lost without a sigh
Love that we might once have saved with but a single word,
Thoughts conceived but never penned, perishing unheard;
Take the lesson to yourself, take, oh, hold it fast,
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

IF—

Rudyard Kipling.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make a heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earh and everything that's in it,
And, which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH

Alice Cary.

We get our mete as we measure,
We can not do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

THE KID'S POCKET

Lida Keck Wiggins in Judge.

The articles boys stow away
In trousers' pockets, I must say,
Are many and diversified;
But, gee, they're nothing put beside
Those found when, hunting Fido's tag,
I emptied sister's shopping bag!

HOW THIS WOMAN FOUND HEALTH

Would not give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for All Rest of Medicine in the World.

Utica, Ohio.—"I suffered everything from a female weakness after baby came. I had numb spells and was dizzy, had black spots before my eyes, my back ached and I was so weak I could hardly stand up. My face was yellow, even my fingernails were colorless and I had displacement. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am stout, well and healthy. I can do all my own work and can walk to town and back and not get tired. I would not give your Vegetable Compound for all the rest of the medicines in the world. I tried doctor's medicines and they did me no good."—Mrs. MARY EARLEWINE, R.F.D. No.3, Utica, Ohio.

Another Case.

Nebo, Ill.—"I was bothered for ten years with female troubles and the doctors did not help me. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and every month I had to spend a few days in bed. I read so many letters about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound curing female troubles that I got a bottle of it. It did me more good than anything else I ever took and now it has cured me. I feel better than I have for years and tell everybody what the Compound has done for me. I believe I would not be living to-day but for that."—Mrs. HETTIE GREENSTREET, Nebo, Illinois.

MERRY - GO - ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

A NATURE LETTER

I live in the beautiful country and am a great lover of nature I have a book on how to know the wild flowers and have named a good many from that. The author of the book is Chester Reed and there is a little handpainted picture of each flower with the description; it is the nicest book on flowers I ever saw. We also are studying butterflies and captured 19 different varieties right around our house last summer. Don't you think we did fine. Then we took some pin money and bought us a book on butterflies, entitled, Everyday Butterflies, by Samuel Hubbard Scuddar, and we named our beauties from the book. I have lived in the country for 27 years, (all my life) and until two years ago I was blind to the beautiful things of nature all around me and now that I have wakened, there is so much to learn I can hardly wait for spring to come so I can begin studying. If the Blade readers wish me to, I will tell them how to catch the beautiful night moths, measuring about six inches across their wings. I wonder how many of you M. G. R. friends are bashful and self-conscious like I was once, and when you go out in company can't think of anything to say and have to be a wall flower all the evening? I have a wonderful secret that cured me and I now feel at home anywhere and am as popular in the social circle as anyone could wish to be. If you will all listen quietly I will whisper it to you and please don't tell it, here it is:

Everybody's lonesome. Just remember this wherever you are and act accordingly and you will be shy no longer. With my best wishes for a very successful year to the dear old Blade and the readers whose letters are such an inspiration to me, I am, after seven years of the wear and tear of married life."—Husband's Sweetheart.

THE VALUE OF OPEN DEBATE

I was very lonesome today until I picked up The Blade, and the first page I came to was the Peace Page. And after reading that page awhile and getting the comfort and peace which was contained in it, my loneliness soon faded away, and I was enjoying myself reading the beautiful letters which the Peace Page contained. I live on a farm of 100 acres three miles north of Milton. I am going to school at Milton at present. I am now preparing to enter my first year of high school. We certainly have a fine school.

We also have two literary societies. That is something I think all boys and girls ought to be interested in—debating. We certainly do have some stormy debates. I don't know of anything any better that I could do than go to school. I certainly do love to go. My motto is religion first, and education next. Come on, you New England boys and girls, I would like to see more letters from that part of the country.

My birthday will be the 27th of April, and I certainly would appreciate a post card shower from the boys and girls of the Peace Page. Also I would like them make a guess on my age. I am between 16 and 20. Now come along, boys and girls, see who can guess my age. Wishing the Peace Page a successful future.—Silas Billups of W. Va.

FROM THE OZARKS

Dear Peace Page—I read the Peace Page with much interest. I notice that Pennsylvania Booster wants letters from teachers. As I am a veteran at the business, I shall give the page (or the waste basket) some letters along the teachers' lines later. I wish now to write about the climate and the country in the Ozarks. While I have lived many years in northwest Missouri, four years in Nebraska, one year in Oklahoma, two years in Texas and two years in Mississippi, I have not found in any of those locations a climate so desirable as this, having lived here nearly two years. I live in Carter county, a little west from St. Louis, about 25 miles from the Arkansas line and some 35 miles from the famous Koshkonong fruit district. While the past winter was unusually severe for this country, it was very mild here, as compared with the winter in the other sections where I have lived. As stated above, the winters are usually short and mild, the summers not excessively hot; in fact, not so hot as the northern part of the state.

With a great abundance of pure, soft, clear spring water, free fuel and great areas of wild land for pasturage and a soil second to none in the production of fruit and vegetables, this is a very desirable country in which to live. There being no boggy or swamp land and always a mild breeze, there is no malaria to speak of, and a man can do very much more work and with greater ease, than he can under different conditions. While there is always corn enough raised here for home consumption, it is not a great corn country, but for any of the grasses, clover, cow peas, kaffir and sorghum, it is hard to excel. I shall write you again, but for the present I sign the name by which I like to be known.—J. C., Van Buren, Mo.

READ THIS, EARLY JOINERS

Onc again it is spring and the most wonderful time of year, when everything wakes up and starts to growing, for no time throughout the year, are the green leaves and grass so delicately green as in the spring and the trees are full of little nest builders.

We are having a beautiful rain here today and the brooks flowing along help to make springtime music.

"New England Girl," it seems a long time since we heard from you and I love to read your cheerful letters. "Florida Old Man," where are you and your wife? I would like to read some more of your interesting letters. What do you do down in the land of sunshine and flowers? Have you an alligator farm? A cousin of mine tells me they have farms of them there.

It doesn't seem as if we have as many letters from the first joiners of the M. G. R's. as we used to. I will own it is a long time since I have written, but I am interested nevertheless. I went fishing two weeks ago with my younger brother and did not get any fish, but had to ford the creek and had to pile lots of stone in the creek and hurry, for it dammed up so that the water rose rapidly, but if we didn't get any fish, the scenery was worth the trip. The ledges are very high, almost perpendicular. I wish that Martha Holden and the rest who love scenery could have been with us.—Maude, from New York.

We'd like to have been.—M. H.

A Morning Song.

Always happy
Never snappy,
That's the way to be;
Mind your labors,
And your neighbors,
Living cheerfully.
While you're living
Do some giving
To sweet charity.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

"WHO SWEEPS A ROOM."

I noticed one maiden laughingly challenged the dishwashers who liked their work to "speak right out in meetin'." I thought of my experience along that line from the time when, in order to reach the dishpan on the table, I had to stand on a box, along through my girlhood days when I felt like I would willingly do anything else if that were left out, on till the present time, when I cheerfuly wash them, thinking nothing of it only to do it well. Who was it said "who sweeps a room as by God's laws, makes that, and the action fine?" So, since having a home of my own to care for, I like to do all my work myself taking pleasure in the "drudgery" even, for is it not home? It is not so much the work itself, as our attitude toward it, that renders it hard or easy, a task, or a pleasure. And perhaps in that day that is coming we will all have automatic dishwashers that will transform a table full of soiled dishes into clean, shining ones. I am experimenting with one in the shape of my nine-year-old daughter, but unfortunately there are volcanic signs of dissatisfaction.

We have been having winter with a vengeance here in Jackson county, but now the days are sunshiny and full of hope and cheer.

Rose C., come again. I wanted to hear this contentment hobby discussed, but I guess others are like myself. It's sinful to be discontented, but would any of us amount to much were we content with things as they are, and did not let energy and ambition have a part in life?—Nellie R. N., W. Va.

The poem you speak of by George Herbert we publish, as every housewife should know it.—M. H.

A SHUT-IN

I have done so much hard work in my time that I am completely broken down in health. I am not able now to go anywhere and all I can do is to sit and read or sew. I am not one of those to sit down in despair. Every cloud has a silver lining, and I always look for the bright side if I am compelled to stay in doors. Trusting this may be of some comfort to some shut-in like myself. I would appreciate post cards, especially on my birthday, which will be July 28. I remain your shut-in friend.—Eunice E. See, Hannibal, Mo.

ANOTHER VIEW POINT.

I want to tell you that I enjoy so many of the letters. I know quite a parallel case to that of Praying Mother, the same number of children, five boys and five girls. The mother truly thinks nothing too good for them, therefore they are growing selfishly, having no regard for the rights of elderly people. Every one must contribute to the children's pleasure. The father owes several hundred dollars to a brother and some money to a sister, but no effort is ever made to pay even interest on the money. Furthermore, the children are taught to feel that they are harshly dealt with if they are asked to help the others in any way, because they have so much to do at home. They speak with disrespect of any one who does not agree with them on all points. They are extravagant in every way. They dress as well as any in the town, and owe for their clothing.

To me it oftentimes seems that people lose every bit of reason they ever had as soon as they become parents. It is notorious that the children of today are living quite beyond their years, and regard none but themselves. I am not a mother, but I can see where failure lies. And no one loves children more than I. I can take any child and it will do my bidding without punishment, when others do not interfere. I believe in the child life, but I also believe that older people have a right on the earth also.—Honesty.

COUNTRY CLUB CORRECTED

I do not wish to murmur, but beg you for correction in an article called "A Country Club." The thought intended to convey was that purity was an "inspiring" name not "imposing" as it now reads. Our object is to purify the atmosphere, driving the clouds of discouragement away by sending beautiful flowers, letter and post card showers for the sick members.—Interested Mother.

Dear Interested Mother—You are the victim of the proof reader or the linotypist, who naturally read typewritten letters the best. As I don't use a typewriter, a good many strange looking words creep into my copy, but it is because I write illegibly. Your writing is so clear, that there is less excuse, but such mistakes do happen. I knew a society editor once who in describing a stout woman at a ball, said that she was looking very FIT in a certain gown. It appeared in print that the lady was looking very Fat.—Martha Holden.

THE ROUGH EXTERIOR

I enjoy reading the Peace Page. Have read it for years. This is the season of maple syrup making and some around here have commenced to get some of the sweetness of the trees. Just to look at the stalwart trees, bare and gaunt, we might say there is nothing sweet about them, but as we probe through the outer surface we find the sweet. How many lives are just the same, perhaps the hand of time has roughened and made the surface hard to penetrate, but there is one who can penetrate and find the sweet in life. Let us look for good.—Electa, Mich.

OUR COOK BOOK

Bran Gems.—Two cups of bran, 1 cup of either rye, graham or Franklin flour, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup molasses, salt one teaspoon, soda one teaspoon; mix with sour milk (or sweet milk and baking powder can be used.)—Mrs. M. C. G., Neb.

Pie Plant Custard Pie. — Bake a crust, then fill with a small cupful of pieplant (chopped fine), yolk of 1 egg, 1 cup of sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 cup boiling water stewed and cooked in double boiler, let stand covered after cooking on back of stove about 20 minutes to cook pieplant, cool and fill crust and use the white of an egg for frosting, browning it in the oven.

To Keep Cider Sweet.—No. 1.—To one quart of milk fresh from the cow add one-half pound of ground black mustard seed and six eggs. Beat the whole together, and pour into a barrel of cider. This will keep sweet for a year or more. No. 2—Very simple. Just heat the sweet cider as soon as can be gotten from mill) to a boiling point, but do not boil. Bottle up hot. This is the way farmers do it.

BOYS AND GIRLS

From Montana.

As I haven't seen many letters from the western states I will write one and tell you something about Montana. I came out here last June with mother, father and my sister. I like it not here real well. We can look across the prairies and see buildings many miles away. My birthday is June 2. I will send a post card to every one that will send me a birthday card. I would like to exchange cards with the boys and girls.—Luetta Snyder. Medicine Lake, Mont., Rural Route 1, Box 29.

A West Virginia Hamlet.

I thought I would write a few lines to The Blade and describe our little village. The name of it is Freeport, located on Rughes river and at the mouth of Goose creek. There are only about 10 houses. Our merchant and miller owns the mill and a large store. He also has three pretty girls. He is sawing logs for the farmers now; I have three logs at the mill. Up the road is the hotel. The hotel keeps the travelers in the summer and the raftmen in the winter. There are 40 rafts to come down this spring. We have a literary society at Freeport, where all of us gather every Thursday night to have a good time.

My sister has received about 60 cards from The Blade boys and girls. Now, boys, give us some good cowboy stories.—Buss Smith, W. Va.

A Good Record.

I have been wondering if there is any boy or girl that could beat the record of a little Colorado boy. He was born his name was put on the cradle rol at Sunday school. When he wts a little less than three years old his name was changed to the beginners' department, and he commenced to go to Sunday school regularly. He has graduated into the different departments (it's a graded school) and this spring he joined the church, and he has never been absent a single Sunday from school since he started. I thought some of the boys would be interested in this as well as his—Grandmother.

Mothers, Please Read.

I enjoy the beautiful letters in the Peace Page very much. I think they are very encouraging because I read about others who have greater trouble than I have. I have noticed several letters that made me think of myself, and I can sympathize with them. My mother died two years ago, leaving my sister, who is only 15 months older than myself, to do the work and take care of four children younger than myself. The baby was only 3 years old when she died. I think you girls who have mothers should be very thankful. I live on a farm, which I enjoy very much. I am ready for the second year of high school. I love music and drawing. I must close, hoping to see this in print. I wish the dear mothers of the Peace Page would send me some letters.—Lena McMichael, Arlington, Ind. R. R. No. 29.

A Tomato Club.

Move over and let me sit by Fannie Croker and tell her I want to shake hands with her brother who don't like to wash dishes. Fannie, you girls don't have to chop wood and make fires when it is cold; so, don't you think you ought to wash dishes? How many of The Blade boys are saving their money? I am, for one. I find it is harder to save than it is to make, but I don't think it is right to spend it wastefully. I may go to Chattanooga, Tenn., the last of May to the reunion. Uncle George Adair always attends the reunions, so if he goes this time I may go with him. If any of The Blade readers are going, I would like to shake hands with you while there. Do any of you boys and girls belong to the Tomato Club? We have two clubs here, one for the girls and one for the boys. Now there is going to be some good work done, for I don't want the girls to beat the boys. We will put them in cans and carry them to the county fair this fall. There will be several prizes for the best.—Walter Dixon, Spartanburg, S. C.

SHORT AND SWEET

Gladys Prickett, Junction City, O., received a prize for going to school every day and without tardiness.

A West Virginia Girl says that she is trying to make home as cheerful as possible.

Agnes Kelly, Pike, W. Va., says: "Both of my grandfathers fought in the civil war. It pleases me very much for an old soldier to talk about the war."

Greta Baker, Creston, W. Va., has no brothers or sisters, but she has grandparents. She was 9 years old in March.

Ruth of West Virginia has not missed a day of school for five years.

Katie Bierce, Oakley, Kan., saves all the recipes in Our Cook Book. Her grandpa is a soldier, 80 years old, who takes The Blade.

Ruth Johnson, St. Paris, O., has a white pig for a pet.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

CARNOTITE AND PITCHBLENDE

I would like to have a description of the radium bearing ores, carnotite and pitchblende.—C. W., St. Louisville, Ohio.

Carnotite is a canary-yellow crystalline powder, usually occurring disseminated through sandstone, but sometimes in earthy masses of considerable richness. Radium has been shown to be present in it and radiographs may be made of the crude mineral. Its chief locality is in Montrose county, California, but it has recently been reported from Utah.

Pitchblende is a dark green to black mineral, usually occurring in a massive condition. It is brittle and is of a pitch-like lustre. It contains some lead and very small amounts of other elements, among which are radium and the rare gaseous elements helium. Pitchblende is the chief commercial source of uranium and radium. It is mined in considerable quantity at Joachimstahl, in Bohemia, found also in many other places as Cornwall, Saxony, Hungary, Turkey and in the United States in Connecticut, North Carolina, etc.

BERTHA M. CLAY

Please tell something of the life of Bertha M. Clay.—M. B., Napier, W. Va.

The true name of this author is Charlotte M. Braeme. She was born in London about 60 years ago and died a number of years since. Her first book was published sometime in the latter sixties, its title being "Tales From the Diary of a Sister of Mercy." This was soon followed by two other books, "Golden Gates" and "Angels' Visits." "Dora Thorne" was published in 1883, and because of the demand for books by this author, the publishers resorted to the practice of having novels written to order over her name.

THE KNOW--NOTHINGS

Please give an account of the political party known as the Know-Nothings.—S. E. R., W. Va.

The Know-Nothings was the name applied to a secret political party society in the United States which was organized in 1853, and which appeared in the elections of 1854 as a well disciplined party, and the next year polled a large number of votes in several states, both in the north and south. The main idea of the party was opposition to foreign citizenship. In the presidential campaign of 1856 this party appeared as the "American party," presenting Millard Fillmore as its candidate. Fillmore carried only the state of Maryland with its eight votes in the electoral college. The growth of the slavery question extinguished the question of foreign citizenship, and the party speedily died out.

SIMON KENTON

Will you please tell me something of the life of Simon Kenton?—B. A. R., Nebraska.

Simon Kenton, the American pioneer, was born April 3, 1755, and died in 1836. At the age of 16 he fought a duel and believing that he had killed his adversary, he fled beyond the Alleghenies and became a companion of Boone and other early pioneers in Kentucky. He was for a time the spy of Governor Dunmore, later taking part in the warfare against the British and the Indians. In 1782 he learned that his former opponent was living, so he returned to his home, soon after going back to Kentucky with his father's family. He was frequently engaged in border warfare until Wayne put down the Indians. In the war of 1812 he fought with the Kentucky troops at the battle of the Thames. In 1824 he petitioned the legislature of Kentucky to release the claim of the state on some mountain land owned by him. His appearance in tattered garments at first excited ridicule, but upon being recognized he was treated with much distinction by the legislature. His lands were released and a pension, amounting to $240, was procured for him by the United States congress.

TUNGSTEN

I would like to know something of the metal called tungsten.—M. E. W., Iowa.

Tungsten is a rare metal obtained from the mineral wolframite found in Cornwall, England, Saxony, Monroe and Trumbull, Connecticut. It has a gray luster and its compounds are not poisonous. A class of compounds called tungsten bronzes have bright colors and metallic luster, and are used as bronze-powder substitutes. Tungstate of sodium is used as a mordant in dyeing, and to render muslin fire resisting. Tungsten alloys with iron and steel are unusually hard.

Recently tungsten came into use in the manufacture of filaments for incandescent electric lights. What makes it so valuable for this purpose is the high degree of candle power that can be obtained without using a great amount of current. The average life of a multiple tungsten lamp can be taken at 1,000 hours, and that of the series tungsten, extensively adopted for street lighting at about 1,500 hours, maintaining in each case a remarkable degree of candlepower throughout its life. The greatest fault that can be found with the tungsten lamp is fragility.

THE NATIONAL HIGHWAY

Please publish a description of the national highway.—N. D., Greenacres, Wash.

Henry Clay was the person largely responsible for the construction of the highway across the Appalachian mountains. It was only through his perseverance that congress made enough appropriations to build the road. The highway connected the District of Columbia with the Ohio river. Commenced in 1806, and built at a cost of $1,800,00, it was the first internal improvement of any magnitude undertaken at public expense. Before the close of the year 1831 over $200,000 had been expended upon it in repairs. The road ran from a point nearly opposite Steubenville, Ohio, and Wheeling, in West Virginia, through Ohio and Allegheny counties to Cumberland, thence through Cumberland and Washington counties and in Frederick county to Fredericktown, all in Maryland. Connecting there was a road that led to Baltimore and one that led to Washington, D. C. The national road had a uniform width of 80 feet and was afterward extended westward from the Ohio river to Indianapolis.

W. VIRGINIA REPRESENTATION

Kindly give the names of the senators and congressmen from West Virginia and also President Wilson's cabinet.—J. T. G., Little Falls, W. Va.

The senators from West Virginia are William E. Chilton and Nathan Goff. The representatives are: J. A. Davis, W. G. Brown, Jr., S. V. Avis, H. H. Moss, Jr., James A. Hughes and Howard Sutherland, representative-at-large. The state has eight electoral votes.

The members of President Wilson's cabinet are:

Secretary of state, William J. Bryan, of Nebraska.

Secretary of the treasury, William G. McAdoo, of New York.

Attorney General, James C. McReynolds, of Tennessee.

Secretary of war, Lindley M. Garrison, of Jersey City, N. J.

Postmaster general, Congressman A. S. Burleson, of Texas.

Secretary of the navy, Josephus Daniels, of North Carolina.

Secretary of the interior, Franklin K. Lane, of California.

Secretary of agriculture, Professor David M. Houston, of St. Louis, chancellor of Washington University.

Secretary of commerce, Congressman William C. Redfield, of New York.

Secretary of labor, Congressman William B. Wilson, of Pennsylvania.

PEARLS

Will the Question Bureau please give a description of pearls?—S. O. P., N. Y.

Fresh water pearls are found in many streams and lakes of Asia, Europe and America. The mollusks are very numerous in the Mississippi valley. Many pearls are found in the states of Iowa, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky, but they have been found at periods in other states. An important fresh water pearl button industry has grown up in the last few years, but the gathering of pearls in fresh water has usually been carried on by farmers in their spare time. The methods which they use have been very wasteful, the mussels being secured by rakes and other awkward implements. The mussels were killed and then examined for pearls, after which they were thrown away. This method is wasteful and is not practiced in Europe, where they have special tools by which the shells may be opened and examined for pearls without any danger to the mussels, which are thrown back into the water. Fresh water pearls are especially valued because of the great variety and beauty of their colors and are, like the marine pearls, most likely to be found in shells which are distorted or otherwise imperfect in form and growth. Pearls are formed by foreign bodies being enveloped by the secretion on the inside of the shell.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. M., Scioto Falls, O.—A biography of Abraham Lincoln was published in the Question Bureau of May 1.

J. S., Little Marsh, Pa.—We have no references giving the names of the officers and crew of the Mayflower.

L. F. A., Meadville, Pa.—An instrument such as a prism which will separate the various rays emitted by any source of light is called a spectroscope.

F. S. R.—The Bureau cannot find the Nasby letter which you desire reprinted. Without a definite date as a guide the search would be something like hunting for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

C. R. S., Glovergap, W. Va.—The Bureau cannot give a biography of Governor Johnson, of California.

A. B., New Market, Ohio.—The North Pole was reached by Robert E. Peary, April 6, 1909.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Don't Send Me One Cent

When you answer this announcement, as I am going to mail you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses (known in the spectacle business as "lenses") absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes, no matter how weak they may be; sit down on your front porch one of these beautiful summer nights, and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible with them on, even by moonlight; you'll be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

Or, if you like to go out hunting occasionally, just shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some early morning and you'll be greatly delighted when you drop the smallest bird off the tallest tree-top and distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on—and this even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

Now Don't Take My Word For It

but send for a pair at once and try them out yourself, and after a thorough try-out, if you find that they really have restored to you the absolute perfect eyesight of your early youth, you can keep them forever without one cent of pay, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your friends and neighbors, and speak a good word for them whenever you have the chance.

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write your name, address and age on the below four-dollar coupon at once, and this will entitle you to a pair of my famous "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

Write name, address and age below.

DR. HAUX
The Spectacle Man
ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this four-dollar coupon, which you agreed in the above advertisement to accept in full and complete payment of a brand new pair of your famous "Perfect Vision" glasses, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that contract.

My age is.....

Name .....

Postoffice .....

R. R..... Box..... State.....

SOUTH VIRTUALLY RUNS THE NATION

Controls Presidency, Half of Cabinet, Senate, House and Minor Positions.

Washington, May 29.—It was only two or three years ago that Mr. Taft, as president, was going through the south urging southerners to hasten the day when they would again take an active and important part in the conduct of the general government at Washington.

Mr. Taft was sincere in his desire to see the south attain the influential place it occupied at the national capital before the civil war, but it is hardly likely that he anticipated the fulfillment of his wishes in just the way it has been brought about.

The south and southern influences are today more strongly represented in the government at Washington than at any other time since the civil war. Political observers here are beginning to realize this more and more as the lists of appointments to the federal service come out from the White House and the new committee assignments in congress are studied.

In the first place, the presidency itself is in the hands of a Virginian. Today more southerners are in charge of the great legislative departments of the government than ever before since back in the 50s.

Controls Cabinet.

Three of the ten men in President Wilson's cabinet are credited direct to southern states, two others were born and have lived most of the time in the south, and one of these hails from a border state.

Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, comes from North Carolina; James C. McReynolds, attorney general, hails from Tennessee, and Albert S. Burleson, postmaster general, is a son of Texas. The secretary of the treasury, William G. McAdoo, is credited to New York state, but it requires only a slight stretch of memory to recall the time when he entered New York city fresh from his Georgia home. David F. Houston, secretary of agriculture, not only comes from Missouri, a border state, but is by birth and training a southerner. He first saw the light in North Carolina, was graduated from the South Carolina College and was president of the University of Texas before he became chancellor of Washington University, in St. Louis.

Secures Minor Appointments.

As contrasted with this impressive list of southern cabinet officers, Taft's official family at the close of his administration contained not a single man who was credited to a southern state. The nearest approach to it was Charles Nagel, of St. Louis, who was secretary of commerce and labor. He was a native of Texas. At the beginning of his administration President Taft gave the war portfolio to Jacob M. Dickinson, a Tennessee Democrat, but Dickinson resigned before the four years were up.

The recent growth of southern influence in high places also is plainly reflected in the character of the minor appointments that have been made.

One of the most important appointments in the south that the President has yet made was that of William J. Harris, of Georgia, to succeed E. Dana Durand, of California, as director of the census.

Among other important appointments that have thus far gone to the south are: Robert W. Wooley, of Virginia, to be auditor of the interior department; James L. Beity, of Missouri, to be auditor of the war department; Ernest Lester Jones, of Virginia, to be deputy commissioner in the bureau of fisheries; Alex. R. Magruder, of Maryland, to be secretary of the legation at Copenhagen.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

NO PLACE FOR WILSON

President Is Turned Away From Restaurant.

Washington, May 31. — President Wilson returned to the White House last night at 7 o'clock after an all day holiday, spent with his family covering 116 miles of Maryland roads in an automobile.

Leaving here at 10 o'clock in the morning, the party journeyed in the general direction of Baltimore, with no special plans for the trip. They went into Baltimore unheralded about noon and had lunch at a hotel.

The President and his party first attempted to get their meal at a restaurant, but were unable to obtain service, the place being crowded.

Few recognized the President as his car drew up at the curb in front of the restaurant, and only cursory glances were given the visitors as Miss Margaret Wilson stepped from the car and made her way into the restaurant, the remainder of the party following slowly behind.

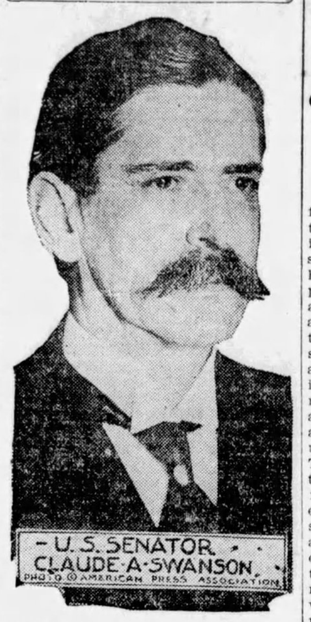
"Have you a table for our party?" she asked one of the waitresses.

Receiving no reply, she repeated the question with no better results. Then the President's daughter turned on her heel and walked from the room with the information for her friends that they could not be accommodated and that they must seek refreshment at another point.

The proprietor of the restaurant was still fluttering with her chagrin and embarrassment a half hour later.

"Yes, I know it was the President and his party in the auto," she said, "but what could I do? The room was packed. We were full, and before any of the tables could be cleared they had left."

Heads the Soft Coal Field Inquiry



Washington, June 2.—Senator Claude A. Swanson of Virginia is chairman of the special committee of five which will investigate the labor conditions in the bituminous coal fields of West Virginia.. The inquiry was authorized in a resolution passed by the senate because of the allegations that the constitutional rights of the citizens in the district were being violated by the coal companies.

Startling revelations are expected as to the system by which the companies are said to keep their employes in subjection. Other members of the committee are Senator Shields of Tennessee and Martine of New Jersey, Democrats, and Borah of Idaho and Kenyon of Iowa, Republicans.

EIGHT NATIONS FOR BRYAN PEACE IDEA

Notify Secretary of State of Approval of Plan He Outlines.

Washington, May 31. — Secretary Bryan announces that eight nations have responded favorably to his peace plan, asking that suggestions be submitted in regard to details. The nations in the order in which they have accepted are Italy, Great Britain, France, Brazil, Swenden, Norway, Peru and Russia.

Secretary Bryan said that no nation to whom his peace plan was submitted has replied adversely, although some had asked more time for consideration.

To each of the governments expressing a willingness to enter into the peace agreement, a tentative statement has been submitted embodying details suggested by the President. The secretary, pointing out that this statement, with no intention of insistence upon any particular detail, declined to make public its contents.

Bryan Discusses Plan.

Mr. Bryan discussed the progress of his plan in the following statement:

"It will be remembered that about a month ago a plan was, by the President's direction, submitted to all the governments having representatives here, the plan being in substance as follows:

"First, that the United States is prepared to enter into an agreement with each and every country seve rally providing for the investigation of all disputes of every character and nature by an international commission, the controlling parties agreeing not to declare war or to begin hostilities until such investigation is made and report submitted; second, the investigation to be conducted as a matter of course, upon the initiative of the commission, without the formality of a request from either party; third, the report to be submitted within a given time, the time to be agreed upon; fourth, the parties to reserve the right to act independently on the subject matter in dispute, after the report is submitted. The composition of the commission was a matter of detail to be agreed upon by the contracting parties; the time, also, in which the report should be submitted was a matter of detail to be agreed upon by the contracting parties.

Eight Nations Respond.

"Eight nations have up to this time responded favorably, some endorsing the principle and asking that suggestions be submitted in regard to the details, others replying that the proposition is received sympathetically and expressing a willingness to consider details.

"To those expressing a willingness to confer in regard to the details a tentative statement has been submitted embodying details suggested by the President; this statement being submitted for consideration, however, with no intention of insisting upon any particular detail. The exact phraseology of the agreements may not be the same in all cases. If the principle is endorsed the government is willing to confer with open mind as to minor points."

Speaking of the reception his plan has received, Mr. Bryan observed that within the last two months three arbitration treaties have been renewed for a period of five years. The treaties renewed are with France, Italy and Spain, and President Wilson has announced his willingness to renew semilar conventions with Great Britain, Japan, Norway, Sweden and Portugal.

STOPS REGISTRY STAMP USE

Postmaster General Announces Ordinary Stamps May Be Affixed.

Washington, May 29.—Postmaster General Burleson today issued an order discontinuing the use of the special 10 cent registry stamp and providing that no additional registry stamps shall be printed after the present supply is exhausted. Hereafter ordinary postage stamps may be used for the prepayment of registry fees.

POSTOFFICE NOT SELF-SUPPORTING

Committee Presents Report Showing Hitchcock Had a $750,000 Deficit.

Washington, May 31.—Claims of former Postmaster General Hitchcock that he had effected such economies in the postoffice department as to show a surplus where previously there had been enormous deficits, are exploded by a report just presented by a committee of postoffice officers after a careful survey of conditions in the department. The report in brief shows that the department did not attain a condition of self-support during the Hitchcock administration, notwithstanding the widely-advertised announcement to that effect, although an apparent surplus was attained by unjustifiable methods of bookkeeping. The general morale and efficiency of the postal service were sacrificed to a ruthlessly enforced policy of false economy for the sole purpose of presenting a showing of self-maintenance; and after the attainment of this end, just before the inauguration of the new administration, the policy was reversed. Long-standing vacancies were filled and postponed promotions made; commitments to fixed charges for long terms were assumed in such a way as to saddle the new administration with the greatly increased expense during months, if not years, to come.

An Actual Deficiency.

The report is addressed to Postmaster General Burleson, who made it public today, and is signed by Daniel C. Roper, Joseph Stewart, A. M. Dockery, James I. Blakslee and Merritt O. Chance, respectively first, second and fourth assistant postmasters general, and chief clerk of the department.

The substance of the claim of the Hitchcock administration was that a deficiency of approximately $17,500,000 in 1909 had been entirely eliminated, and that a surplus of over $200,000 was attained for the fiscal year 1911. The reports of the "survey" are declared to show, on the contrary, that at no time has there been a legitimate surplus in the postal revenues since 1883, and that instead of a surplus of approximately 219,000 in 1911, there was, in fact, an actual deficiency of considerably more than three-quarters of a million dollars.

In order to ascertain the true cost of the service, the various administrative officers of the department having jurisdiction over the several branches of the service were called upon to submit statements showing the obligations incurred by them for the service of the fiscal years 1909 to 1912, inclusive, irrespective of the time when payments of the obligations were or are to be made. Upon compilation of these statements it was found, the postmaster general states, that the cost of the service for these years, as compared with the expenditures reported for those years by the Hitchcock administration, was as follows:

Shows Actual Figures.

Year.	Expenditures.	Cost of service.	Discrepancy.
1909	$221,004,102.80	$221,218,024.21	$214,721.32
1910	229,977,224.50	230,247,047.90	269,823.40
1911	237,948,926.68	238,623,350.37	974,423.69
1912	248,525,450.08	248,624,940.29	99,490.21

It is pointed out by the committee that the published financial reports of the department stated the revenues and the cost of the service on dissimilar, and therefore incomparable bases. Revenues of the postal service are almost entirely collected in cash, and consequently relate properly to the fiscal year for which the report is made. But, the committee finds, it has been the practice to compare these only with payments actually made during the fiscal year, regardless of obligations incurred in that year, but not to be paid until succeeding years.

Saddle Their Administration.

This matter is held to have a very direct bearing upon the alleged course of the former administration in holding back all manner of commitments for the future; filling of vacancies and promotions, extension of city delivery and rural free delivery routes and star routes, until the very close of the last administration, so as to keep expenses to the minimum; and then filling every available position, by appointment and transfer, making long term contracts, authorizing a large number of free delivery and star routes, and otherwise saddling the department with fixed charges which would not affect the reported expenditures for the current year, but would immensely magnify those of the first year of the new administration.

"The all absorbing program of the last administration was the placing of the post office department on a paying basis," says the report. "The policies pursued in the effort to succeed at this plan were overworked and resulted in defective administration and just criticism on the part of the public.

"That efficiency and economy should be substituted for wastefulness and extravagance needs no argument, but the postal service affects so vitally the interests of the entire population of the country that economy which means a curtailment of postal facilities operates as a check to the social and industrial progress of the country. The people are entitled to the best facilities administered in the most efficient manner. That the facilities furnished during the last four years were not the best is clearly established by the facts."

Turned Salaries Back.

"In line with the policy of unwise administrative economy which the former administration had adopted, vacancies in the clerical force of the department were permitted to remain unfilled, and the lapsed salaries were turned back to the treasury. The withholding of deserved promotions caused dissatisfaction among the employes and undoubtedly to some extent lowered their efficiency and contributed against keeping current the work of the department."

The committee asserts that immediately before the time when the new Administration was to take office there was a "complete reversal of policy, and that all available places in the department that had remained vacant for months were filled. On January 21, 1913," says the report, "urgent verbal instructions were given by the postmaster general to report for immediate final action every possible favorably approved rural route, and, acting under these instructions, over 100 rural mail delivery establishments were authorized in three days. Directions were given to expedite as much as possible inspectors' reports on all cases then under investigation of rural delivery routes and allowances."

A considerable section of the report is devoted to an account of the measures taken by Postmaster General Hitchcock to impress upon the service generally the announcement that economy would be the watchword of the administration. "Notices to this effect," the committee says, "were carried by the press, delivered personally by representatives of the department at postmasters' conventions and in official letters to postmasters at first and second class postoffices. "It is assumed by the committee that the stress laid upon this matter induced many postmasters to exercise drastic economy at the expense of the service. The result has undoubtedly justified such complaints of imperfect and unsatisfactory service as have been received recently from New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

"During the early part of the administration," the committee says, "action was deferred on all cases involving the establishment of city delivery service in which there might be any excuse for delaying action, notwithstanding that the people were entitled to the service, and that its establishment had been recommended by postoffice inspectors. Many such cases were acted upon only after persistent requests of senators and representatives.

"In October, 1910, the fourth assistant's bureau apparently faced a deficit on account of the star-route service, and instructions were issued to reduce the expenditures for existing service to such a figure as would avoid a deficit. The attention of congress was not called to the condition, and the star-route service was discontinued or curtailed, and proposed additional service was not established. Protests and demands for restoration were so urgent and insistent, however, that in the early part of Fay, 1911, nearly all of the star-route service previously discontineud or curtailed was restored, effective June 1, 1911. These discontinuances and curtailments effected a saving or decrease of nearly $100,000 in the expenditures for star-route service during 1911."

Coming to the question of financial conditions, the report describes the comprehensive study of the finances of the department for the fiscal years 1909 to 1912, as outlined above, and says specifically.

"Instead of a surplus of $219,118.12 for that year (1911), as claimed by your predecessor, it is clerly demonstrated that there was in reality a deficit of more than three-quarters of a million dollars. Furthermore, a close analysis of the financial statement for the fiscal year 1912 discloses the fact that the admitted deficit of $1,785,523.10 for that year was understated by nearly $100,000.

WORLD IS INTERESTED

White House Mint Bed Attracts Much Attention.

Washington, May 31.—Apparently pretty nearly every civilized nation in the world has been stirred by the discovery of the mint bed in the White House grounds, the existence of which was revealed by the testimony in the Roosevelt Newett libel suit.

That mint bed suddenly has attained more importance than the possibility of war with Japan or changes in the tariff. A large number of newspapers, including foreign publications, have wired or cabled explicit instructions to their Washington correspondents for a detailed story of the bed.

The demand is for exact information as to who planted it. Which President found the most use for it? In what corner of the White House grounds is it situated? What are its precise dimensions? How affluent a crop does it produce? Who has personal charge of it? Does it require assiduous cultivation? Is the crop used for any purpose other than the preparation of the celebrated beverage of old south? Who mixes 'em? Does the President, a southern man, abide by the drink of his fathers? And so on down to fractions of fragments of information.

So far the information collected by those besieging the White House has not been extensive. The attack of the correspondents has been general, and nearly everybody employed about the place has been interviewed except President Wilson.

The attitude of those interviewed has been that the contents of the President's back yard is nobody's business but Mr. Wilson's. It is admitted, however, that the bed is there and that it lies somewhere ferninst the corner of the back porch; that it is not bigger than about 10 by 12 and that President Wilson, who is as abstemious as the testimony would seem to prove Col. Roosevelt, and almost as tremendous a worker, uses mint only in connection with lamb. If he wants a drink, which is seldom, he prefers Scotch, according to one authority.

One aged employe, who is from the old south, said these people who entertained the idea that a President would or could be a regular devotee of mint juleps, gave him a pain.

"A mint julep is not intended as an intoxicant," he said. "While liquor is used in making it the mint julep is intended primarily as a refreshment, to be sipped and enjoyed and lingered over, and no gentleman of the south ever cared for more than one in an afternoon or an evening.

"Why, man, two or three of them drank in a hurry will make one deathly sick. I know because I have seen it tried by northern men who had heard about the julep, but did not know how to drink it," said this White House employe.

HORSE REGAINS PRESTIGE

Costs Much Less Than Auto as Parcel Post Hauler.

Washington, May 29.—Postoffice investigators have found that the cost of delivering parcel post packages ranges from less than 4 to more than 14 cents a package.

The automobile is proving a very dear luxury in some large cities and the old horse is making a record for economy.

An investigation in 50 miles reveals that delivery by automobile has cost 2 cents a package in some cities and nearly 15 cents in others. Nowhere has the horse-drawn cart delivery cost more than 2 cents a package.

PATIENT OF FRIEDMANN DIES

Julian Werda of Lynn, Mass., Expires After Treatment.

Lynn, Mass., May 29.—Another of the patients of Dr. F. F. Friedmann, the German physician, whose turtle serum for tuberculosis has caused such a stir in this country, died today. He is Julian Werda of 41 River street, Lynn.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, May 26.

SENATE — A number of nominations were received, chiefly promotions in the army and navy. Finance subcommittees continued hearings on the tariff bill, President Kingsley, of New York Life Insurance Co., testifying before Senator Williams' committee. Senator Overman introduced a resolution to abrogate former President Taft's order putting fourth-class postmasters under civil service. Senator Smith (S. C.) demanded an investigation and action against persons who sold cotton to the cotton pool, whose members were indicated in 1910. Passed Works bill, granting an additional judge in southern California. Senator Nelson introduced a bill proposing a system of "asset-secured currency" for national banks. Resolution for investigation of West Virginia coal strike went over until today.

The House was not in session today.

Tuesday, May 27.

SENATE — Finance subcommittees closed hearings on the tariff and will proceed to write their revision of the House bill. Chairman Simmons today will confer with Secretary Bryan about the protests from various foreign governments. Senator Cummins introduced a resolution to investigate the charge of the existence of a lobby to influence legislation. Senator Pomerene read a letter from Gov. Cox of Ohio criticising Senators Goff and Gallinger for statements in debate over the West Virginia coal strike. The resolution for investigation of the West Virginia coal strike adopted.

HOUSE—The House met at noon, and Majority Leader Underwood obtained unanimous consent to increase the membership of the Indian affairs, irrigation and public buildings committees and to create a new committee on expenditures in the Labor Department. Representative Borland discussed Washington's so-called slums, and declared the only remedy was a complete elimination of the inhabited alleys. Representative Sims reintroduced his bill to abolish the Commerce Court. Representative Tavenner introduced a resolution to investigate the activities of tariff lobbyists.

Wednesday, May 28.

SENATE — Adopted, with amendments, Senator Cummins' resolution for an investigation of tariff lobbies. Considered nominations in executive session. Chairman Hoke Smith of the labor committee called a meeting to consider plans for investigation into West Virginia coal mine strike. Suffrage parade special investigation committee reported disorder of March 3 was due principally to unusual crowds, and praised work of the police.

HOUSE—Met at noon and adjourned at 12:15 p. m. until noon Monday out of respect to the memory of the late Representative Forest Goodwin, third Maine district.

Thursday, May 29.

SENATE—Naval affairs committee deferred action on armor plate factory resolution. Admiral Twining testified regarding proposed factory. Finance committee begun work of revising schedules of tariff bill to report to full committee. Chairman Pitman, of territories committees, called meeting for Saturday to act on bills for development of Alaska. Senator Lewis was elected Democtaic floor manager and assistant to Majority Leader Kern by Democratic caucus, which also named committee to confer regarding organization of Democratic congressional campaign committee. Education and labor committee considered plans for investigation of West Virginia coal mine strike.

HOUSE—Minority Leader Mann announced he would call Republican caucus for Saturday to determine committee appointments.

SAYS HE CAN TAKE CROW OUT OF ROOSTER

Washington, May 31.—Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Dr. J. B. Galloway has received a letter from a correspondent who claims to be the guy that took the crow out of the rooster.

Dr. Galloway was so rejoiced at the receipt of the news which he thinks eventually will put the chicken in every back yard, that he asked the bureau of animal industry to experiment at once with a view to soft-pedaling crowing roosters.

The author of the letter says that, by removing one of the vocal cords of an ordinary rooster, which can be done by a simple operation, the noise that wakes people at the crack of day can be eliminated without injuring the rooster. The desire to crow is left in the chicken, and he goes through the motion of flapping the wings, arching the neck and opening the mouth, but the effect is noiseless.

It was suggested that absorbent cotton be put in the neck of the rooster after the operation as a precaution. The cotton, the correspondent said, not only served the ordinary purpose, but produced when the rooster tried to crow a pleasing whistling sound to the false muffled crow.

Dr. Galloway thinks the cotton idea may be developed to such an extent that a brass band may be organized in any barnyard where roosters frequent.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE SCHOOL

Washington, May 28.—"Why girls leave school," is the title of a bulletin issued today by the United States bureau of education, based on an inquiry made by its experts into trade and labor conditions among girls in Worcester, Mass. The claim that children are forced to leave school to work because their parents need the money is repudiated by the officials of the bureau. They found that from one-half to three-fourths of the girls at work in the factories could have had further schooling if they had desired or if their parents had insisted upon it.

Various reasons were assigned by the girls for their refusal to attend school longer, according to the bureau. Some said "they did not like school;" others "could not get along with the teacher and were not promoted," while many simply "wanted to go to work."

Only 17 per cent of the girls questioned had finished the grammer schools, while most of them had left in the sixth and seventh grades.

"Conditions such as were found," says the bulletin, "emphasize the imperative need for special training of a practical sort for girls between the ages of 13 and 15. Not getting the kind of training they might have liked and would have profited by, they blindly joined the army of shifting, inefficient, discontented girls that go from one monotonous factory job to another and because of their lack of training, rarely rise above the class of low paid, unskilled workers."

Are You FAT?
I Was ONCE.
I Reduced MYSELF

I was Fat, Uncomfortable, Looked Old, Felt Miserable, suffered with Rheumatism, Asthma, Neuralgia. When I worked or walked, I puffed like a Porpoise. I took every advertised medicine I could find. I Starved, Sweated, Exercised, Doctored and changed climate but I rolled on my digestion felt like an invalid but steadily gained weight. There was not a single plan or scheme that I heard of that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. I dropped society, as I did not care to be the butt of all the jokes. It was embarrassing to have my friends tell me I was getting Stout, as no one knew it better than myself.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

I began to study the cause of FAT. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy. The French Method gave me an insight. I improved on that. Removed the objectional features, added more pleasant ones, and then I tried my plan on myself for a week. It worked like Magic. I could have

SCREAMED WITH JOY

at the end of the first week when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by my simple, easy, harmless, Drugless Method. It was a pleasure then to continue until I regained my normal self in size. I feel fifteen years younger. I look fifteen years younger. My Double Chin has entirely disappeared. I can walk at work now. I can climb a mountain. I am normal in size. I can weigh just what I want to weigh. I am master of my own body now. I did not starve, but eat all I wanted to. I did not take Sweat Baths. I did not Drug. I used no Electricity, or harmful exercises, but I found the Simple, Sane, Common Sense WAY of reducing my weight and I applied it. I have tried it on others. My doctor says I am a perfect picture of health now. I am no longer ailing. I am now a happy, healthy woman. Now I am going to help others to be happy. I have written a book on the subject. If you are fat, I want you to have it. It will tell you all about my Harmless, Drugless Method. To all who send me their name and address I mail it FREE, as long as the present supply lasts. It will save you Money. Save you from Harmful Drugs. Save you from Starvation Diets. Harmful Exercises, possibly save YOUR LIFE. It is yours for the asking without a penny. Just send your name and address. A Postal Card will do and I'll be glad to send it so that you can quickly learn how to reduce yourself and be as happy as I am. Write today as this advertisement may not appear again in this paper.

HATTIE BIEL, 907 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

MAN WANTED with kidney or bladder trouble who will recommend others when relieved. Write PROSOL COMPANY, Dept. K, 45 W. 34th St., New York.

NEW BLOW FOR SUGAR COMING

Tax on Gambling in Futures to Be Passed by Senate.

Washington, May 29.—The big sugar interests of the United States, both beet and cane, are to receive still another stiff wallop on the point of the jaw from this Democrat congress, according to the present outlook. It was demonstrated yesterday that a majority of the senate is committed to legislation to place a prohibitive tax on gambling in futures in products of the soil.

This tax probably will be made a part of the proposed income tax section of the tariff act. The rate has not been fixed, but it will be not less than 10 per cent. Senator Cummins of Iowa, has offered an amendment to the income tax section placing the tax on this form of stock gambling at 10 per cent, but some of the Democrat senators think the tax ought to be higher.

President Is Committed.

In any event, the Democrat national platform declares for this sort of legislation, and the President is committed to it and, as stated, a majority of the senate is for it. This includes most of the Democrats, of course, and also a considerable number of the Republicans, perhaps a majority of them. The Republicans are not affected by the Democrat platform, but they do want the farmer vote.

It is stated to be the custom of sugar companies, both in the beet sugar field and the refiners of cane sugar, to protest themselves against fluctuations in the price of sugar by dealing in futures. Thus if it is feared that the price is going down by and by because of overproduction or from any other cause, the sugar people sell "short" a large quantity of imaginary sugar and in this way recoup when it is produced.

Dealers Reported in Panic.

If shortage in the crop indicates a future rise in prices, these experts hasten to buy a lot of imaginary sugar. The same form of insurance against loss is said to be the common resort of the big flour mills, and also manufacturers in other lines, especially cotton.

"We believe in the development of a modern system of agriculture and a systematic effort to improve the conditions of trade in farm products so as to benefit both the consumer and the producer," declares the Democrat national platform. "And as an efficient means to this end we favor the enactment by congress of legislation that will suppress the pernicious practice of gambling in agricultural products by organized exchanges or others."

With the senate committed to this and the President pledged to carry out the party promises, there is no doubt that the house will acquiesce. It is reported that dealers in suars, grain and cotton, especially, are in a state of panic over the situation.

Brick Falls Ten Stories, Hits Negro, He Has Headache

Washington, May 29.—Wm. Moore, a negro, awakened today with a bad headache while physicians expected that he would have been occupying space in the morgue. He stopped a brick yesterday after it had fallen 10 stories and was traveling with a velocity of a cannon ball. When it hit Moore on the top of his head it broke into bits. Moore sat down suddenly and apparently was a subject for the coroner.

Workmen on the building from which the brick dropped sent hurriedly for a physician. Before the doctor arrived Moore sat up.

"What d'ye want to do that for?" he demanded angrily of a workman who was bending over to catch the supposedly dying man's last words.

Examination of Moore today revealed that all he suffered was a headache. The brick contractor charged the brick to profit and loss.

FRENCHMAN WINS SPEEDWAY RACE

Average Time Is 76.59 Miles Per Hour at Indianapolis.

ORDER OF FINISH

Driver. Car.	Time.	Aver.
Goux, Peugeot	6:31:43	76.59
Wishart, De Palma,		
Mercer	6:45:00	74.06
Merz and Cooper,		
Stutz	6:50:35	73.07
Guyot, Sunbeam	7:05:08	70.58
Pilette, Mercedes K.	7:19:25	68.30
Wilcox, Fox Special.	7:23:38	65.40
Mulford, Mercedes.	7:27:17	64.30
Disbrow, Case	7:30:50	64.30
Clark, Tulsa	7:49:21	62.40
Haupt, Mason	7:53:31	61.60

Indianapolis, May 31.—Jules Goux, driving a Peugeot, carried the colors of France to victory in the third annual 500-mile race, defeating the representatives of five countries for the international speedway championship. His time was 6:31:43.45, an average of 76.59 miles an hour.

Spencer Wishart and Ralph De Palma jointly defended America in the Mercer, which finished second, 14 minutes and 37 seconds behind the leader.

Charles Merz of the Stutz team finished third, and Albert Guyot of England, was fourth.

Joe Dawson, who won last year's race, averaged 78.7 miles an hour. This is the world's best mark for the distance. Goux might have beaten it if he had been forced. He had the speed, but there was no necessity of using it.

Two Hurt in Only Accident.

Jack Tower of the Mason team was caught beneath his car when it upset on the back-stretch, turning the one hundredth lap, and suffered a broken leg. His mechanic, Lee Dunlap, was thrown clear of the wreck and escaped with a pair of broken ribs. This was the only serious accident.

Goux assumed the lead at 135 miles and retained it. He won in addition to the grand prize three of the world's most famous racing trophies—the Grand Brassard for the 200 mile victory, the Preso-Lite trophy for the 300 mile triumph, and the Wheeler-Schlieber cup for first place at the 400 mile mark.

In addition to the $20,000 prize for first place in the big race, he will receive trophies and cash remunerations amounting to another $20,000.

The Peugeot pilot drove sanely and conservatively. He readily adapted himself to conditions and refused to be drawn into pockets. He was courageous withal and frequently gave vent to sensational speed. He took the curves remarkably well and never was in danger. He changed eight times during the race, but lost little time in the changes.

Only Contender Meets Mishap.

Goux had only one serious challenger, the Stutz driven by Gilbert Anderson and Earl Cooper. At the 85th lap Cooper, who was relieving Anderson, pushed his car within five minutes of the flying Peugeot. He was gaining steadily when a blown tire forced him to the pits. The motor stalled. The tire was replaced, but the mechanic could not start the engines.

Anderson, his hands bleeding from the fearful abuse they had from the race, rushed to the crank and turned until exhausted. There was no response from the engine. The bonnet was lifted, exposing a broken cam shaft gear. The car was wheeled from the track and with it went the hope of the vast crowd that America might triumph.

Bob Burman Early Leader.

Bob Burman, as had been predicted, started from the gun to burn up the track and lost no time in gaining the lead. He overcame the slight advantage taken by Guyot, the Sunbeam pilot, at the tape and lengthened his lead continuously. Goux pressed the speed king vigorously, and the pair never were separated more than a half lap until the Frenchman went to his pit for a tire change. This gave Burman a decided advantage, an dat the end of 40 miles he was far ahead of Zaccarelli, who was second in the other Peugeot. Joe Nikrent in the Case was in hot pursuit of Zaccarelli. Goux was a fourth place.

Speed Causes Tire Trouble.

Every car in the race was traveling at a speed better than 75 miles an hour and the pace obviously caused excessive tire trouble. Nearly every car stopped to make tire replacements before the 60-mile mark was reached.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

SIREN FROG SIGNALS TRAINS

Fools Flagman With Deep Voice; Nearly Causes Wreck.

Hyndman, Pa., May 28.—A giant frog which has its abode near a big rock in Wills Creek, just east of here, has caused consternation among the trainmen on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, because of his ability to imitate the deep-toned whistles on the freight engines.

According to the stories told by several of the trainmen, "Gig Blodick" gets up on his big rock and sends his deep-throated bass sounding down the valley, exactly as the big mogul engines sound their whistle when they call in the flagman. Several flagmen, thinking they had been given the signal to return, left their posts, and wrecks were narrowly averted.

Brakeman J. W. Fleegle of Cumberland, who saw the big frog, declares he stands two feet high and has eyes as big as teacups.

UNWRITTEN LAW FREES HIM

Court Hears Tale of Man Who Broke Up Home.

Vallejo, Cal., May 29.—The unwritten law freed Joseph Hoversby, slayer of a man who had been too friendly with his wife, from a charge of murder here last night at his preliminary examination. He previously had been exonerated by a coroner's jury.

Hoversby, an employe at the Mare Island navy yard, returned home unexpectedly the night of May 17, and found J. F. Rainey, a navy electrician, with Mrs. Hoversby. He shot and killed Rainey and his wife committed suicide immediately afterward.

Acting as his own counsel, Hoversby related to the court a simple story of the tragedy, of his happy married life of 20 years with the dead woman and made no other attempt to justify the shooting.

NEWS OF THE HEAVENS DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE

Dimensions of Our Great Stellar Universe. The Great Red Spot on Jupiter, Venus and Mars Shine Brightly in the Early Morning.

By Prof. Eric Doolittle.

The short nights of June are made most interesting by the bewildering number of faint but beautiful star groups which now cover the face of the heavens. But to see these well, the observer must choose a night near the beginning or end of the month, when the moon is not visible, and he must go away from all city or other artificial lights. It is wonderful what an immense amount of unsuspected detail will become revealed under these favorable conditions. Looking thus into the profound depths of space, the observer will find that whole areas of the heavens, which he has perhaps always thought of as vacant regions, and in reality filled with an immense number of delicate stars. He will probably soon decide that these wonderfully remote suns are objects of more interest to him than the few brighter well known stars, and when he reflects that they, too, are great suns whose faintness is only caused by their great distance from us—a distance so great that the light with which we view them first started on its journey to us hundreds or thousands of years ago—he will receive a new impression of the overpowering vastness of our universe.

The June Stars.

The region along the eastern heavens, from the Scorpion to the Northern Cross, is most rich in these fainter stars, nor should the observer fail to examine that portion of the heavens below the handle of the Great Dipper and included between this constellation an Bootes. Here he will see the very beautiful, faintly glimmering sheet of stars known as the Maiden's Hair, one of the most attractive of all the faint star groups. But to one so situated that he can see the faintest stars, all parts of the sky are filled with objects of interest; indeed, astronomers who have carefully observed from dry countries, where the atmosphere is exceedingly light and transparent, describe the whole heavens as covered with a very faint and almost uniform light caused by an infinite number of immensely distant and separately indistinguishable stars. This diffuse, steady light is sometimes called the Floor of the Heavens.

Of the brighter stars, the brilliant, bluish Spica and the golden Arcturus are now the most prominently placed in the heavens, for they both shine out almost exactly in the south. The great, fiery-red sun, Antares, which is far more advanced in its development than our own sun, is appearing in the southeast, while farther toward the north the very bright, blue Vega and the fainter Altair are seen well up from the ground in the evening sky. The possessor of a small telescope should not fail to examine the beautiful double star of contrasting colors at A (Figure 1), nor the well-known, compact star cluster at B. He may remember how last winter, a remarkable variable star was easily visible in the upright of the Northern Cross in the position C, and he will notice that this has now apparently disappeared. This sun is rapidly growing fainter and will soon

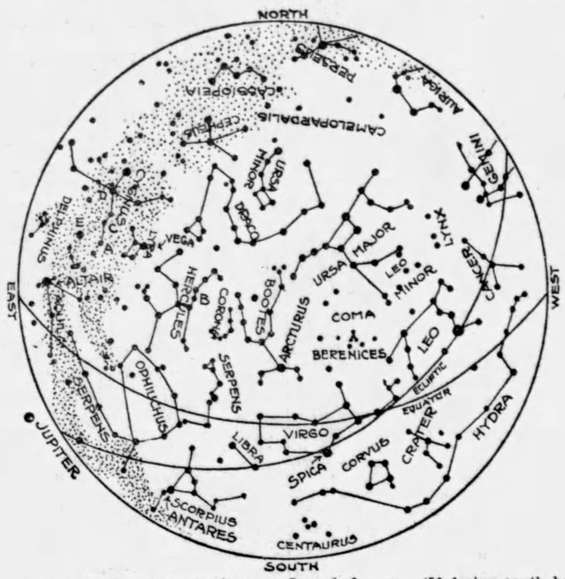


Figure 1. The Constellations on June 1, 9 p. m. (If facing south hold the map upright. If facing east hold east below, if facing west hold west below. If facing north hold the map inverted.)

be of the 13.5 magnitude and only visible in the largest telescopes. Its wonderful brightening occurs at a nearly constant interval of 406 days, though in recent years this period has been slowly lengthening — a fact as inexplicable to us as the cause of the extraordinary brightening itself. Around the star D there will be seen in the telescope a wonderful stream of stars, while at E will be found the strange Dumb-bell Nebula, which vellel.

The Dimensions of Our Stellar Universe.

Of late there have been many articles in the various astronomical journals, interhcolastic meet at Marshall Filed nals dealing with the true structure and extent of our Milky Way cluster, of the significance of the wonderful streaming of many of its stars, and of the absolute velocities with which these stars are moving through space. The difficulty of the whole matter lies in the fact that these stars are so far away from us that they suffer no displacements of their apparent positions on the sky as our earth passes around the sun, and hence it is not possible for us to measure directly their absolute distances from us in miles. When great numbers are considered together, however, their average distances may be approximated to by several different processes and the results are usually reasonably accordant.

It is exceedingly probable that the stars of the nearer, brighter part of the Milky Way are on the average so far from us that their light occupies about 2,000 years in passing from them to our sun, while the principal outer boundary is about twice as far distant, and possibly somewhat more. Thus we believe that the dimensions of the Milky Way Cluster do not exceed a few thousand light years.

It was the belief of Herschel that these dimensions ought rather to be stated as some millions of light years, and this view has recently been again advanced by some astronomers; its extreme improbability can, however, be shown in a very simple manner. For a brief calculation shows us that were our sun removed to a distance of two million light years it would appear to us as a star of the twenty-ninth magnitude, only; far too faint to be seen in any telescope, and even beyond the power of detection by photography. Now each one of the mass of ninth magnitude stars of the Milky Way shines with a brightness two million million times as great as this. Most interesting recent observations show that the stars of the Milky Way are on the whole in nearly the same condition as our sun, and if this is so, the assumption of such immense distances requires us to suppose that these stars are millions of millions of times as great as our sun. While it is true that many stars are much larger than our sun, and that some of them are even hundreds of times as large, we have no indications of the existence of any hot bodies whose dimensions even approach this order of magnitude. Indeed, it seems uncertain whether such an inconceivably great mass of matter could exist as a single body. From this the Milky Way are more likely to be consideration alone it therefore appears that the smaller dimensions of the true ones.

The Planets in June.

Toward the beginning of the month no planet is visible in the early evening, but the beautiful Jupiter is even then very near the borders of our evening sky, and by June 30 it will become a conspicuous object in the southeast. This planet rises at about 10 p. m. on June 1, at about 9 p. m. on June 15 and about sunset by the end of the month. There is no more interesting world for study in a small telescope than this. Its beautifully banded and swiftly turning ball and is four bright moons, whose relative positions are constantly changing, furnish an object to which the observer turns with pleasure, again and again, as the hours of the night go by.

Venus and Mars now shine out brightly in the east in the early morning, the former planet about 50 minutes to the left and above the latter. Their relative position changes but little during the month. Venus thus remains the conspicuous morning star, though it does not reach its greatest distance of three hours west from the sun until July 3.

zMercury, Saturn and Uranus are now all morning stars, but throughout the month they will remain too near the sun to be satisfactorily observed.

On June 21, at 8 hours 9 minutes p. m. (eastern standard time), the sun will reach its highest position above the equator of the heavens; this will therefore be the longest day of the year.

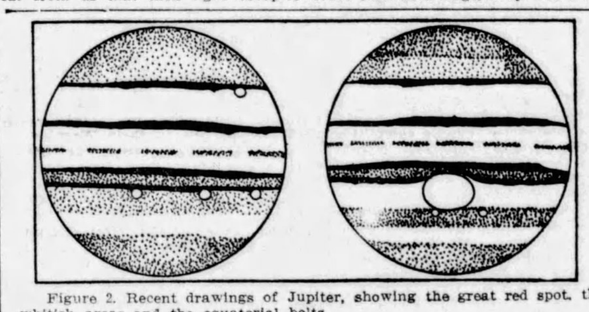


Figure 2. Recent drawings of Jupiter, showing the great red spot, the whitish areas and the equatorial belts.

WARNS FARMERS OF REFERENDUM

Gov. Cox Scores Interests Which He says Are Behind Campaign.

Columbus, May 29.—Governor James M. Cox attacked the forces behind the campaign for a referendum on five laws passed by the legislature in a speech to 2,000 farmers at the Ohio Alfalfa Growers' Association picnic held on the farm of Joe Wing, at Mechanicsburg, Wednesday afternoon.

"The referendum campaign in Ohio is financed by foreign capital, a combination of liability insurance companies and the school book trust," Governor Cox told them. "It is a plain effort to discredit progressive legislation, the last stand on privilege in a state that has turned its face toward the rising sun and is taking an interest in the social and moral betterment of its people.

Book Trust Interested.

"The book trust knows that at the special session the field it has occupied and the prices it has wrung from the state will both be taken from it. It wants to help make referendums popular this year because next year it will have one of its own.

"The referendum movement has a man in charge who was at the legislature every day, using all his talents and abilities fighting the humane and fair legislation that was enacted. He fought for those who employed him in the assembly. He is the man who is directing the referendums that are to be exploited, if possible, in the name of the people.

Farmers Warned.

"The effort to have a referendum on the agricultural commission had fallen down until it was revived and financed by the liability companies. The assumed leaders of the grange movement connected with the referendum are trying to deliver your votes, the votes of the farmers, against the most conspicuous legislation of the generation, in its contemplation of human welfare, the workmen's compensation measure.

"It is remarkable to me that just as the agricultural commission referendum is financed by foreign capital there should appear in the fight the recognized and paid lobbyist of the book trust. We are going to defeat their efforts to stop the humane legislation we passed and at the next session we are going to show the book trust the way out of Ohio and it will go to stay."

Smith Law Unharmed.

The governor explained the Smith 1 per cent law and the changes made, and said the decision of the supreme court pointing out a weakness had been cared for. The changes made in no way endanger or weaken the law, he declared.

Gov. Cox got close to his audience by declaring that he was a farmer. He said that a promise made during a political campaign was a real covenant; that the last legislature had carried out its pledges and that no members of the present body were being sent to the penitentiary. He said that he could see a permanent future of the agricultural prosperity on account of the adoption of the culture of alfalfa.

Other speakers were A. P. Grout of Illinois. P. G. Holden of Chicago, Dean Homer C. Price of the Ohio College of Agriculture, and A. P. Sandles, secretary of the state board of agriculture.

Will Boost Alfalfa.

The Alfalfa Growers' Association was organized with about 4,000 present. Many of the most prominent agricultural people of the country attended.

FAVORS SHORT BALLOT

President Wilson Would Abolish Electoral College.

Washington, May 29.—The abolition of political conventions for nominating purposes and the elimination of the electoral college were advocated by President Wilson today in a talk with Representative Britton of Illinois.

The president told the congressman that he has long favored the shortening of the ballot and he believes that the abolition of the electoral college would accomplish this purpose.

Currency Bill Approved.

Frends of President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo have informally laid before prominent bankers in New York city a draft of the proposed currency reform bill, and these bankers, it is stated, have approved the essentials of the measure, although not willing to accept all the details.

The president, it is stated, is not so anxious to get a full approval of the proposed banking and currency law by the bankers, but will be satisfied if they agree to the main features of the measure.

Would Avoid Pitfalls.

The president's advisers have told him that previous attempts at currency reform had failed because expert opinion wrapped congressional minds up in such a maze of technicalities that no agreement could be reached, and he wished to avoid this pitfall.

Only two members of the cabinet have been consulted relative to the currency reform measure, according to reliable information. They are Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and Secretary of State Bryan. The the issuance of notes by reserve associations and is said to have contributed several valuable ideas to the bill.

QUEEN BARS MILITANT BADGE

Royal Household Member Told to Remove Emblem While in Castle.

London, May 29.—It is a well known fact that the king and queen, especially the latter, are strongly opposed to the militant suffragettes, and this has given rise to some ridiculous stories as regards what is supposed to have happened between the queen and certain ladies of her household on account of the sympathy of the latter with militancy.

Some of these inventions speak of high handed action on the part of the queen, followed by the angry insubordination and the resignation of the ladies. This carries its own contradiction, but the strong opposition of the sovereigns to militancy and their determination that the sympathy therewith shall not be ostentatiously flaunted at court cannot be doubted.

An incident that occurred at Windsor the other day proves this and at the same time shows that the king and queen are extremely unlikely to act in the harsh and tactless fashion suggested by the inventors of stories which have gained a certain amount of publicity.

A Mrs. Everitt, a member of the royal household whose husband is similarly employed and who lives in Windsor Castle, is a member of the Women's Social and Political Union. Mrs. Pankhurst's militant association. Mrs. Everitt strongly sympathizes with ahe militants and always wears the badge of the union, but recently she was informed that the king and queen did not like her doing so, especially in the castle. Mrs. Everitt ignored the intimation and continued to wear the badge. Nothing happened for a while and then action was taken, which, while showing a rather pretty sense of humor on the part of the king and queen, did not bring them directly into contact with the recalcitrant lady of the household.

Returning to her home in the castle the other day Mrs. Everitt was stopped outside by the police on duty, and informed that she could not enter the castle wearing the badge. Mrs. Everitt, militant like, declined to remove it and sent for her husband. The police explained to him that they had received orders not to admit anyone to the castle wearing the badge of the Women's Social and Political Union. Mrs. Everitt ultimately allowed her husband to remove the badge and was then able to proceed to her home. She hasn't worn the badge since.

EDITOR NELSON IS FREED

Jefferson City, Mo., June 2.—The Missouri supreme court today discharged William R. Nelson, owner and editor of the Kansas City Star, from contempt of the Jackson county circuit court. The decision of the supreme court was unanimous.

FROM DIXIE, HE'S AT GETTYSBURG

For First Time a Southerner Speaks on Historic Battlefield.

Gettysburg, Pa., May 31.—Standing on historic Gettysburg battlefield and bringing "a message of a reunited country," Representative Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, yesterday paid eloquent tribute to the heroism of the men who wore the blue and the gray. His was the first address ever delivered by a southerner at Gettysburg Memorial day exercises.

"Our colonial fathers from north, south and east and west," Mr. Heflin said, "fought together when they brought this republic into being, defended it together in the war of 1812, and triumphed together when they carried the Stars and Stripes into the heritage of the Montezumas. The final and crucial test of the republic's strength and durability was the combat on the field of battle in the war between the states."

He added that the question of the right of the state to secede and the right of the union to prevent it, the status of rights and relationship between state and federal government, "could not be determined in the councils of peace; it had to be settled by the arbitrament of the sword."

"The republic once abounding with conflicting opinions as to state and federal rights and powers," he continued, "is today the harmonious household of sovereign states, the home of a brave and happy people. Here we bow with solemn reverence in honor of our nation's dead and pay to their blessed memory the tribute of our united love.

"Heroism never had truer representatives than those who made this battlefield immortal. Here the soldier in blue and the soldier in gray read in each other's eyes courage born of convictions, devotion to principle, a willingness to do and die for what they believed was right.

"Here union and confederate soldiers by their daring sacrifice and heroism challenged the admiration of the world. Here northern valor drew up in battle line the bravest of her brave, the noblest specimens of her patriotic manhood and southern chivalry marshaled the noblest types of her splendid citizenship.

"I bring to you a message of good will and fellowship from the people of the south. As an evidence of our recognition and appreciation of the valor and heroism of both union and confederate soldiers, and as a token of the spirit of fraternal love now permeating the hearts of our people. I bring you floral offerings from the flower gardens of Dixie, one for the grave of the soldier in blue and the other for the grave of the soldier in gray. The sublime valor of the heroes of both armies is the priceless heritage of all.

"Let the living join hands and hearts about a common center for the good of the republic. Let north, south, east, west, all work together for the good of all. Here on this battlefield, incarnadined with the blood of the patriots north and patriots south, let us, in the language of Lincoln, resolve that this government shall not perish from the earth."

ROSALIE JONES RISKS LIFE

Suffragist Hiker Takes Aeroplane Trip as Wind Menaces.

New York, May 31.—Gen. Rosalie Jones, the suffragist champion biker, risked her life yesterday for the cause, and at Oakland Heights, Staten island, came near being a martyr for equal suffrage. The general's sensational volplane for votes had been announced as one of the star features of the Aeronautic Society's opening day.

Harry Bingham Brown shook his head doubtedly when, despite the wind puffs, the game leader, her skirts bound about her ankles and her hair tied down under a heavy veil, insisted upon climbing into the seat beside him.

Brown lifted the mechanical bird 1,000 feet, and had to circle time and again and do some dexterous warping to keep his machine from turning over. When the aeroplane landed yellow flags in the hands of Gen. Jones' sympathisers fluttered everywhere.

NEVER TRIED FOR MONOPOLY

New York, May 29.—Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel corporation, and the man who conducted many of the negotiations which led to its organization, declared on the witness stand yesterday that neither he nor the late J. P. Morgan, nor anybody else concerned had ever during these negotiations discussed the question of obtaining a monopoly in the steel industry, or of suppressing competition.

Judge Gary was testifying as a witness for the defense in the suit to dissolve the corporation under the Sherman anti-trust law.

WHEAT FARMERS TO SELL DIRECT

Kansans Organize Co-operative Union to Handle Crop and Buy Elevators.

Bucklin, Kas., May 31.—Wheat selling by the growers, co-operating not only throughout this state, but including all the adjoining wheat producing states, is the object with which seventy members joined in forming the Equity union here. The plan of operation will be based on the co-operative marketing experience of the California lemon growers and other associations of producers scattered over the country. The local Equity union will be merely one of a chain of local bodies organized in every part of the wheat belt with the purpose of taking over elevators and handling the annual wheat crop for the direct benefit of th producers buyig stock.

C. O. Drayton of Greenville, Ill., who was present and assisted in the organization of the Equity union here, described the working of the new scheme of farmers' organization, for which he predicted a successful future.

Expert Gives Views

After indicating the value of the wheat crop, the cost of its marketing, and the annual profit to the handlers, whose operations frequently militated against the best interests of the producers, Mr. Drayton said:

"The farmers engaged in the production of wheat in all the middle western states are a different order of men from those who pioneered the wheat fields of America. Better education, improved means of communication, and wider experience in business affairs generally make them infinitely more capable of the handling of a gigantic enterprise for their own protection and benefit.

"In every part of the wheat belt they have been studying the marketing problem in an intelligent manner, and they are familiar with the best and most advatageous marketing plans in use in other sections of the country where farmers have allied themselves in market leagues. The present movement is no effort on the part of unsuccessful and disgruntled politicians to make capital out of class prejudices, but rather a logical conclusion from the prolonged studies of the most intelligent agriculturists in our country.

Kansas Fitted to Finance Union.

"The Kansas wheat growers as a class are among the wealthiest people of the country, and they financially are amply able to carry out the project which is now being undertaken. They are able to finance, administer, and perpetuate their co-operative selling systems with results which will not only benefit themselves but will command the respect and approval of the great consuming class, who will similarly benefit by lower prices of breadstuffs through the elimination of the wasteful middleman.

"Generally speaking, the difference of cost of handling between the co-operative and the competitive system will be about 20 cents a bushel, which now represents the profit of the middleman. This profit is to be diverted to the benefit of the producer and the consumer, while a more stable basis of prices will be reached by ignoring the fluctuations now caused by the speculative elements of the wheat pit.

Says Conditions Favor Plans.

"Through systems of crop and weather reporting, embracing the whole world, now are established or being perfected through various agencies, and through the co-operative union plan this information will be made daily available to every wheat grower, whose knowledge of weather and marketing conditions throughout the world will be comprehensive, exact and prompt. All the benefits of the American educational agricultural and experiment colleges and stations will be made available to the grower, so he may learn to have best advantage not only of his market but of his producing fields.

"There will be an end to the dumping of hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat on markets which represent not the world's demand, but the machinations of the speculator, and there will be an end to the breaking of the natural law of supply and demand by the forcing of wheat into the central markets blindly, which will result to the permanent benefit of the producer."

One hundred and fifty growers probably will be enrolled here during the present season, as the formation of the Equity Union already has had wide discussion and general indorsement.

TAKE STRAUS ON LITTER

Friends Meet Philanthropist Suffering With Nervous Collapse.

New York, June 2.—Nathan Straus, noted philanthropist and merchant, was carried in a litter from the steamship Caronia which arrived yesterday.

His son said Mr. Straus, who has been ill for a long time, had suffered a nervous breakdown, but that the family did not think his condition at present alarming.

He left New York with Mrs. Straus three weeks ago on the Caronia, hoping that the voyage would improve his health. On arrival in England, however, his physicians advised his return to America on the same ship.

Kill Faithful Dog Which Mourns Master

Kalamazoo, Mich., May 29—Rather than let the dog starve to death officers were called to the east side and shot "Brownie," the little canine that laid for nearly five weeks at the door of a shoe shop waiting for his missing master to return. H. F. Eberly, a mute, mysteriously disappeared, leaving the dog at the shoe shop. Since the disappearance the dog has remained constantly at the shoe shop and all efforts to induce it to eat have failed.

FLAGLER'S WILL IS FILED

St. Augustine, Fla., May 28.—Henry M. Flagler's will was filed yesterday and under it J. R. Parrott is to remain the head of the Florida East Coat railroad so long as he may desire. This provision, it is stated, is in recognition of his long and faithful service and great executive ability displayed in handling Mr. Flagler's properties.

The estate is estimated to be worth between $60,000,000 and $70,000,000, and most of it goes to the widow. The son, Harry, will receive 5,000 shares of Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey.

"Snap Shot" Money in Your Pocket

Big CASH Profits For You We will put you in your own, quick-paying business where you will make $10 to $30 a day. You can do it just the same as our other men. Here are some late reports: Cable of Wyo., writes: "Made $27.00 in 2 hours." Bryant, of Colo., made $16.00 in 6 hours. Evans of Miss., says: "Made $15.75 last Tuesday." Perry, of Ky., "Made $50.00 in 2 days." Hundreds of actual, bona fide letters like these on file.

Now is your chance to get out of the "time clock" line and the "pay envelope" brigade. Be a one minute photographer. New business—tremendous opportunities—the world for your field—travel or at home—all or spare time—big, quick, clean profits at private houses, parties, picnics, on the street, in the small towns, in great cities, at fairs, carnivals, conventions, reunions, street parades, aviation meets, etc., etc.—NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—Profits begin at once—first day—first minute—and you Make 500% on Every Sale. Don't delay—don't wait—act—write at once for complete free information about

The "MANDEL" Post Card Machine

A new invention—wonderful machine, that takes, finishes and delivers five different styles of photos, turns out original post card photos (also button pictures) at the rate of three a minute right on the spot where you take them. Wonderful, new, photographic process—startling—sensational—

Photos Direct on Post Cards
Without Plates, Films, Printing or Dark Room

Machine is everything in one—a complete portable post card gallery. Excites interest, arrests attention, compels immediate order from every onlooker. Small capital starts you. Sale of supplies that come to you with outfit practically gives you back entire investment—and you have the business clear and fully established. You begin making money the same day the outfit arrives. Immediate sales—immediate profits. If you are sincere and really want to make $2,000 this year—DO NOT DELAY—show us that you are in earnest—that you mean business. We will show you how to get the money. Write NOW—AT ONCE—INFORMATION IS FREE. Address either office.

THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY
631 Ferrotype Building, Congress & Laflin Sts., Chicago —or— Dept. 631—89-91 Delancey St., New York

THE MARKETS

Toledo, June 2.—Wheat opened fractionally lower. Cables were steady. Immediately following the opening a number of private messages telling of beneficial rains in Kansas and Oklahoma were received. These had the effect of beating the market further and there was a good deal of scattered liquidation. The crop report of Oklahoma, telling of a loss of 18 points in the wheat condition in May, appeared to have no effect.

TOLEDO.

	High.	Low.	Close June 2.	Close May 29.
Wheat—Open.				
Cash	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.10
July	93½	93¼	92	93¼
Sept.	93¾	93⅝	91⅞	93¾
Dec.	....	....	94	95½
Corn—				
Cash	....	....	59½	62
July	59⅝	59¼	59⅜	59⅝
Sept.	60½	60¼	60¼	60½
Dec.	58¼	....	58	....
Oats—				
Cash	....	....	41¼	42¾
July	41⅜	41½	41	41¼
Sept.	40¾	41¼	40½	40½
Dec.	....	....	41½	....
Clover Seed—				
Cash	12.00	12.00	12.05	12.00
Oct.	7.97½	7.97½	7.85	7.97½
Dec.	7.92½	7.92½	7.80	7.92½
Rye—				
No. 2	....	....	64	64
Alsike—				
Oct.	....	....	9.15	9.15
Dec.	....	....	9.15	9.15
Timothy—				
Prime	....	....	2.02½	2.02½
Sept.	2.12½	....	2.12½	2.12½
Aug.	2.27½	....	2.27½	2.27½
Oct.	....	....	....	2.12½
Ribs—				
July	11.70	11.85	11.70	11.80	11.72
Sept.	11.35	11.47	11.32	11.45	11.32
Oct.	11.12	11.25	11.00	11.12	....

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
July	1.00	1.00	99	1.00¾
Sept.	98⅝	98¾	97⅝	98¾

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
July	89½	89½	88¼	89½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—				
July	....	....	....	91¾

DULUTH.

Wheat—				
July	....	....	....	89½
Sept.	....	....	....	92¾

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	92¼	92½	90¾	90¾	92¼
Sept.	92	92	90⅝	90⅝	91⅞
Dec.	94	94	92¾	92⅞	94¼
Corn—					
July	57⅜	57⅞	57⅜	57⅛	57⅛
Sept.	58¼	58½	58	58⅛	58⅛
Dec.	56⅝	56⅞	56¼	56⅜	56⅜
Oats—					
July	39¼	39¾	38¾	38¾	39
Sept.	38⅜	39	38⅝	38⅛	38⅛
Dec.	39¼	39⅝	39¼	39¼	39¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	20.20	20.35	20.15	20.32	20.27
Sept.	19.75	19.97	19.80	19.92	19.85
Lard—					
July	11.02	11.10	11.02	11.10	11.07
Sept.	11.10	11.20	11.10	11.17	11.20
Oct.	11.02	11.10	11.02	11.10	11.07

Cotton.

New York, June 2.—Cotton futures opened steady; June, 11.27c; July, 11.35c; August, 11.27c; September, 11.10c; October, 11.02c; December, 11.03c; January, 10.98c.

The market opened steady at a decline of from 3 to 7 points in response to lower cables over the local holiday and favorable weather reports from the south. There was considerable covering in advance of the government report due at midday, but offerings were heavy and the market sold off to a net loss of 7 to 15 points during the early trading with October and December contracts breaking the 11 cent level. There seemed to be no change of sentiment regarding the probable showing of government's figures, but many local traders argued that the good weather of the past week had put the crop into considerably better condition than it was when the government's information was collected.

The market became comparatively quiet after the first half hour, and prices ruled fairly steady at a net decline of some 6 or 7 points, pending the government report. The official condition of 79.1 per cent proved a shade under general expectations, and prices immediately rallied with October contracts selling up from 10.90 to 11.17, or about 12 points above the closing figures of last Thursday. Estimated receipts today, 7,000 bales.

Cotton—Spot closed quiet; middling uplands, 11.90c; middling gulf, 12.05c. Sales, 1,100 bales. After selling about 8 to 14 points net higher on the bullish condition report, the cotton market became comparatively quiet, but ruled very steady and within 2 or 3 points of the best. Futures closed steady. Closing bids: June, 11.30c; July, 11.40c; August, 11.38c; September, 11.20c; October, 11.13c; November, 11.11c; December, 11.13c; January, 11.08c; February, 11.06c; March, 11.06c.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, June 2—Receipts, 1,500; market higher; heavy steers, $8.40@8.75; handy fat steers, $8.40@8.75; handy fat steers, $7.50@8.00; fair steers, $5.80@7.25; choice heifers, $8.25@8.65; choice fat cows, $7.60@7.85; fair cows, $4.25@5.00; butchers bulls, $6.75@7.25; milch cows, $50@85. Hogs—Receipts, 9,500; market active; prime heavies, $8.90; heavy, mixed, $8.90; mediums, $8.95; heavy Yorkers, $8.95; light Yorkers, $9.00; pigs, $9.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,000; market steady; prime wethers, $5.65; choice lambs, $7.45. Calves—Receipts, 1,000; market higher; good to choice veals, $10.75.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, June 2.—Hogs—Receipts, 48,000; market active; bulk of sales, $8.60@8.75; light, $8.50@8.80; mixed, $8.45@8.77½; heavy, $8.20@8.70; rough, $8.20@8.35; pigs, $6.00@8.35. Cattle—Receipts, 23,000; market steady; beeves, $7.10@8.80; Texas steers, $6.60@7.75; stockers and feeders, $5.75@8.00; cows and heifers, $3.60@7.75; calves, $7.75@11.00. Sheep—Receipts, 22,000; market weak; native, $4.00@5.70; western, $5.00@5.80; yearlings, $5.50@6.35; lambs, native, $5.50@7.40; western, $5.50@7.45; spring lambs, $6.00@9.00.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, June 2.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,500; prime steers, $8.25@8.40; shipping, $8.00@8.15; butchers, $7.00@8.25; cows, $3.75@7.00; bulls, $5.75@7.50; heifers, $6.50@7.85; stockers and feeders, $5.50@6.25; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.75; fresh cows and springers, $2.00@3.00 lower; $35.00@85.00. Veals—Receipts, 2,000; $9.00@10.50. Hogs—Receipts, 18,000; heavy, mixed Yorkers and pigs, $9.00; roughs, $7.75@7.90; stags, $6.00@7.00; dairies, $8.75@9.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,600; lambs, $4.50@7.25; yearlings, $6.00@6.50; wethers, $5.75@6.00; ewes, $3.00@5.35; sheep, mixed, $5.40@5.60.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, June 2.—Cattle—Receipts, 300; market 15c higher. Veal calves—Receipts, 400; market steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,000; sheep steady; lambs, 25c lower; choice clipped lambs, $6.75@7.00; fair to good, $5.00@6.50; common, $4.00@4.50; choice clipped wethers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good, $4.00@5.00; choice ewes, $4.75@5.00; culls and commons, $3.50@4.00. Hogs—Receipts, 2,500; market steady; heavies, mediums and yorkers, $8.80; light yorkers and pigs, $8.90; roughs, $7.00; stags, $7.00.

Wheat and Oats Damage

Of 1913 reported by Wagner correspondents. Send for the Wagner Daily and twice monthly letters. They give the latest crop news. Sent on request along with the Wagner 1913 oats and wheat circulars. E. W. Wagner & Co., 997 Board of Trade, Chicago.

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED

Tariff will not affect seeds. They are duty free. The new pure seed law will restrict importations of undesirable seed, say C. A. King & Co. Some countrise ship seed in the dirt. Very little Chilian seed comes here. They ship in June, but it takes 45 days to reach Liverpool, where most of it goes, in an uncleaned condition, containing a considerable percentage of weeds. It is not practicable now to bring it here unless it is screened. Years ago our country was a large exporter of clover seed. Recent years the imports have been large and almost decided our price. Clover seed is a world-wide proposition. Most European countries raise it as well as Chili, Canada and the United States. Last large crop in the United States was in 1908. The size was not appreciated until after the crop moved. Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin and Michigan raised 2,500,000 bushels that year. Indiana generally leads. The 1911 crop was the smallest. The four states raised only 650,000 bushels. Production outside of these four states is increasing. Far west produces some. Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kentucky and northwest raise some. Crop of old seed all over the world is almost exhausted. Prospects for new crop appears very favor

For That Picnic

—to insure complete success take along a case of

Coca-Cola

The satisfying beverage—in field or forest; at home or in town. As pure and wholesome as it is temptingly good.

Delicious—Refreshing

Thirst-Quenching

Demand the Genuine—Refuse substitutes.

Send for Free Booklet.

2-A

At Soda Fountains or Carbonated in Bottles.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

SINGLE TONGUE FOR ALL WORLD

Expert Offers Language He Says Every Nation Can Understand.

Washington May 29.—"Veltang," which means "world language," is the name that has been given to the new language which Prof. Frederick J. Braendle, official translator of the United States pension office, has invented. It is in point of fact a universalized English, but with new alphabet and new numerical signs and a series of exceedingly simple conceived marks to signify the length of vowels and the combinations of consonants.

System Used by Inventor.

Veltang is the development of years of study, according to its creator. This is the way Prof. Braendle argues:

"Five thousand basic words constitute a thoroughly working, workable knowledge of any language for commercial or ordinary literary uses," says Prof. Braendle, "and in constructing 'veltang,' I have taken 3,000 of the words right out of English. English is today the most broadly spoken language of modern times. Veltang is English with its spelling altogether simplified and its grammar likewise. I am already carrying on correspondence with friends I have interested in the new language. After they have learned the alphabet the rest is simple.

"The alphabet which I have invented as the vehicle for veltlang consists of 20 letters, for which I use in the case of all vowels curvilinear characters, and for all the consonantal sounds, rectangular characters. Diphthongs and double vowels are single characters which are in reality combinations of their original components. Q. W. X. Y and Z are in general practice eliminated in writing or printing veltlang, but there is ready substitution for them in the written language through the combination of the used consonants."

Reason for Choosing English.

Prof. Braendle believes that in choosing English as the basis of the forthcoming world language he has taken the logical step. It is his belief that the Teutonic tongues, radically stronger than the aLtin tongues and not on dress parade as is Latin itself, are a far better basis than that selected for Volapuk and Esperanto.

MAKES $15,000 BEGGING

One-Legged Man, Fined $20, Pulls Out Great Roll.

Atlantic City, N. J., June 2.—Earl Jones put over a new one on the police here today. A detective found him seated on the sidewalk in the center of town. Jones has but one leg, but he is a contortionist. He pleaded guilty to begging and was fined $20.

"I'm satisfied if you are," he said. "I took in over a hundred right here. Have a smoke," and he pulled out a wad big enough to choke a horse, and some expensive cigars. But the real surprise was to come. He showed the police a canceled mortgage for $10,000 dated 1906.

"I made that $10,000 on a western begging trip and paid off the balance on a $15,000 ranch I own near Yankton, South Dakota. My trip this time is to get $10,000 more to buy some new stock. I've been on the road five months and have collected more than half."

TO END BALKAN DISPUTES

Meeting of Allied Powers Is Agreed Upon.

Sofia, Bulgaria, June 2.—An agreement in principle for a meeting of the premiers of Bulgaria, Servia, Greece and Montenegro was reached last night by the Bulgarian and Servian ministers who met at Tzaribrod, on the Bulgarian frontier to exchange views on the situation.

During their conference the Balkan premiers will attempt to settle all the matters in dispute between the allies.

London, June 2.—Dr. S. Daneff, the principal Bulgarian peace delegate, left London for Sofia today in response to an urgent dispatch from his government.

WESTON AGAIN ON HIKE

Aged Pedestrian Leaves New York for Minneapolis.

New York, June 2.—Edward Payson Weston, the famous long distance pedestrian, who has twice crossed the continent afoot, started today on a 1,500 mile tramp to Minneapolis. The 77-year-old walker expects to complete the journey in 60 days, excluding Sundays, and is due to arrive in Minneapolis Saturday, August 2, where he is to lay the cornerstone of the new Minneapolis Athletic Club building.

His route will take him through the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. He will be accompanied by an automobile containing two assistants to provide for safety and comfort.

RE-ENACTS OLD WAR DAYS

Powder Wagon From Wilmington Starts for Erie, Pa.

Wilmington, Del., June 2.—History repeated itself today when a wagon train, representative of a century ago when powder was shipped from here to Commander Perry on Lake Erie, started from Wilmington over the same route.

The wagon, drawn by six horses, will be 28 days reaching Erie, Pa., to be present at the centennial celebration of Perry's victory over the British in the war of 1812. It will be escorted by four troopers on horseback, detailed by the war department, and will be a counterpart of the vehicle in which powder was sent to the commodore.

All historical places enroute will be visited, including Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

ONLY 40 YEARS' ORE SUPPLY

Steel Corporation in Bad Way, Says Judge Gary.

By the Associated Press.

New York, June 2.—The United States Steel corporation has a smaller supply of ore in proportion to its producing capacity than its competitors have, said Judge Elbert H. Gary who testified today in the suit to dissolve the corporation. This testimony was adduced by R. V. Lindabury, attorney for the corporation, in answer to the government's charge that the corporation has a monopoly of ore.

The steel corporation at the present time has but 40 years' supply of ore, testified the witness.

"Just think," he exclaimed, "only 40 years' supply, and the Pennsylvania Steel company has enough to last them 500 or 600 years and the Bethlehem has several hundred million of tons."

BLIND MAN IS HONOR STUDENT

Gets Degree With High Mark at Columbia.

New York, June 2.—Calvin Glover, who has been totally blind all his life, is among the honor students of the senior class of nearly 2,000 members, who will receive degrees from Columbia University on Wednesday. Glover, who will receive the degree of bachelor of arts, is from Louisville, Ky. He has just been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa, in recognition of his high attainments in scholarship. In addition to his regular work at Columbia he has mastered the technique of the organ and piano and during his four years at Columbia he helped earn his expenses in tuning pianos. He is the fifth blind student to be graduated from Columbia since the university was founded.

HE SWIMS AT BALL GAME

But He Wakes Up and Finds Home Run Is Dream.

New York, June 2.—Melville Haynes, of Uniontown, Westchester county, went to bed at his usual hour last night. He floated off into the land of dreams and into the Polo grounds.

"Big Chief" Meyers lifted the ball over the center field fence with the bases full and four runs needed to win. Haynes leaped up and yowled in delight. Then he awoke to find himself swimming in the Hudson.

Haynes swam ashore, where his drenched pajamas moved a policeman to lend him a suit of clothes.

TO INVESTIGATE TARIFF LOBBY

Senators Want President Wilson to Tell What He Knows.

Washington, June 2.—The first senators to testify today at the senate's investigation of the charge that a lobby is working against the tariff bill, declared they knew of no improper influences being exerted; no use of money and had not, themselves, attempted to improperly influence any other senators.

All admitted having talked with manufacturers interested in the tariff, having heard arguments and protests, but all considered such proceedings strictly legitimate and none considered the men with whom they talked as "lobbyists."

Senator Ashurst said, however, "that a man named Murray" had been attempting improperly to influence senators against the movement to cancel certain Indian contracts by which Murray is said to stand to receive $3,500,000. Senator Borah referred also to the man Senator Ashurst mentioned.

President Wilson's declaration that an "insidious lobby," large and powerful, was at work, led many to believe that the committee might suggest to President Wilson that he could make a personal statement to committee members, either at the capitol or at the White House, giving any information he has. The senate resolution requests the President to give such information as he may have to the committee.

Senators Ashurst, Bacon, Bankhead and Borah were the first asked to appear before the committee.

Won't Be Photographed.

When the hearing opened some newspaper photographers ordered the committee members around in a business like way while a picture was taken. Senators Bacon and Ashurst moved aside.

"I don't care to get into such a picture," said Senator Bacon.

Senator Ashurst was first called. He testified he was not interested directly or indirectly, financially in the production, manufacture or sale of any article mentioned in the tariff bill or any other bill pending before congress nor had he sought to influence any other senator.

Senator Ashurst said he considered any man or woman a "lobbyist" who "buttonholed senators or members of congress and urged them to vote for certain measures or suffer reprisals on the elections."

"I do not consider a man a lobbyist who files legitimate arguments with congress about matters in which he is interested," the senator said.

Could Carry Eels.

Senator Ashurst said he did believe, however, that 'a man named McMurray," had been attempting to influence improperly the action of senators with respect to prevenf the cancellation of certain contracts he (McMurray) held with Cherokee Indians for the sale of land whereby he would receive $3,500,000.

"He is the smoothest lobbyist I have ever seen," added the senator. "He could carry a bundle of eels upstairs without dropping a one."

RECEIVERS NAMED FOR 'FRISCO LINES

Court Takes Charge of 7,500 Miles of Western Railroad Property

St. Louis, May 28. — Difficulties which today plunged the St. Louis & San Francisco and Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroads into receiverships will result in dismemberment of that joint system, whose 7,500 miles of track cover the southwest. The Chicago & Eastern Illinois, which has formed part of the Frisco lines since 1902, will be restored to its former position as an independent property.

Federal Judge W. H. Sanborn appointed receivers for the Frisco here, and Federal Judge Carpenter appointed an entirely different set of receivers for the Chicago & Eastern Illinois in Chicago. The C. & E. I. receivers are W. J. Jackson, that road's vice president and general manager, and Edwin W. Winters. Frisco receivers are B. L. Winchell, president of the road, and Thomas H. West, chairman of directors of the St. Louis Union Trust Co.

H. H. Porter, of Chicago, chairman of the protective committee of the holders of stock certificates of the roads made the announcement that the two railroads would become seperate properties. Appointment of receivers is due chiefly to two things, inability to raise $2,250,000 to take care of that amount of notes maturing June 1, and the failure of B. F. Yoakum to dispose of a half interest in the Chicago & Eastern Illinois to the St. Paul road.

The Frisco has had a combination of misfortunes, including rising costs of operation, flood losses and stringency of the money market which made it impossible to raise funds to meet maturing obligations.

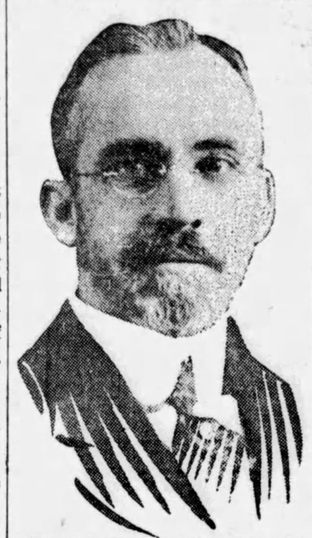
In 1903 the Moore-Reid capitalists, who had acquired control of the Rock Island system, took a controlling interest in the Frisco system. Rock Island retained control of Frisco until the later part of 1909, when a syndicate, consisting of B. F. Yoakum, the late Edwin Hawley and a group of St. Louis capitalists who had been associated with Mr. Yoakum, bought back control from the Moore-Reid interest, taking over practically all of the $29,000,000 common stock held by Rock Island.

The total bonded indebtedness of the system is $237,872,162.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS ELECT

Boston, June 3.—Frederick Dickson, of London, was made president of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, at the annual meeting yesterday, and John V. Dittemore, of Brookline, was named for clerk and Adam H. Dickey, of the same city, for treasurer.

May Be Our New Ambassador to China



This is William T. Ellis, of Swarthmore, Pa., a journalist and traveler of wide reputation. President Wilson is pretty likely to appoint him as ambassador to China or Belgium.

Mr. Ellis is author of the justly famous interpretation of the Sunday school lessons which appear in The Blade every week.

POET LAUREATE DEAD

English Author Succumbs at Age of 77 Years.

London, June 2. — Alfred Austin, British poet laureate since 1896, died today at his home, Swinford Old Manor, Ashford, Kent, where he had been ill for some time. He was 77 years old.

The poet was born at Headingly, near Leeds, May 30, 1835. His father was a merchant and magistrate of that borough, and his mother was the sister of Joseph Locke, the eminent civil engineer and member of parliament for Honiton. Both his parents being Roman Catholics, he was sent to Stonyhurst College and afterwards to St. Mary's College, Oscott. From Oscott he took his degree at the University of London in 1853, and in 1857 he was called to the bar of the Inner Temple.

But he studied the law in deference only to the wishes of his parents, his own desire being for a literary life.

Very little of his poetry exhibited any trace of inspiration, but much of it was graceful.

As a political writer he was both polished and vigorous, and he was a fluent and effective speaker on many subjects.

In his later years he entertained very pessimistic views of the general outlook in Great Britain. In speaking at Leeds a year or two ago he declared that he noted a marked deterioration in good manners and a striking diminution of the sense of reverence.

OPERATE ON "VOTES" LEADER

London Militant Suffragette to Face Knife Again When Recovered.

London, June 3.—"General" Mrs. Flora Drummond, one of the militant suffragette leaders, underwent a successful operation today. A second and more serious operation is to be performed as soon as the "general" is well enough to endure it. It is probable, therefore, that her trial will be indefinitely postponed.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, whose "license" expires on June 9, is recovering from the illness arising from her "hunger strike." She was to weak today, however, to attend the usual Monday meeting of the Women's Social and Political Union, the militant organization.

BIBLE STUDENTS DROP HELL

Urge Preachers to Quit Teaching "Myth" of Fire Beyond Grave

Hot Springs, Ark., June 3.—Hell and hell fire are myths, in the opinion of members of the International Bible Students' Association, who are holding a district convention. A resolution asks minister to discard the "offending words" and cease teaching literal interpretation of them. The resolution asks also that the words "sheol" and "hades" be interpreted to mean tomb and grave.

MAY FIRE WALDO FROM POLICE JOB

Mayor Gaynor Is Called on to Remove New York Commissioner.

New York, June 3.—The removal of Rhinelander Waldo as police commissioner, an appointive post he has held for two years under Mayor Gaynor, is recommended in a majority report adopted yesterday by the Aldermanic committee that investigated the police department after Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, was slain last July by gunmen hired by former Police Lieutenant Charles Becker.

The report was intended to go to Gov. Sulzer, but at the last minute an amendment was passed directing the recommendation for removal to the mayor. The board of aldermen as a whole must pass on the report before it can reach Mr. Gaynor.

Commissioner Waldo is charged in the report as "incompetent and unfit" and incapable of administering his department.

"Many of the existing evils of the department can be directly traced to his inefficiency and administrative blunders," the report charges. It sets forth in lengthy detail the committee's reason for recommending his removal. Alleged failure to prevent "a widespread system of blackmail and extortion by certain of his subordinates" is one of the dozen reasons mentioned.

After a conference with Mayor Gaynor, Commissioner Waldo said he attributed the action of the committee to politics. The mayor, he added, had not removed him, and he had no intention of resigning.

PLANS TO END MERGER

Union Pacific Suggests Idea of Disoslution.

New York, May 29.—Two alternative plans for the disposition of the $125,650,000 Southern Pacific stock owned by Union Pacific were approved by the Union Pacific board today. The first contemplates selling the stock to the highest bidders, after the manner of municipal bonds, a minimum bid to be hereafter designated. The second contemplates placing the stock with a trustee without voting power, to be later distributed upon affidavite that the owners possess no Union Pacific stock.

After the publication of this auternative plan, Union Pacific stock broke from 150¼ to 147⅞, but speedily rallied to 149¼. Southern Pacific declined 2 points to 95, and rallied a point.

Washington, May 29.—Attorney General McReynolds today said he had not seen the plans for the dissolution of the Union Pacific merger and was not prepared to comment upon it.

If the plans announced in New York today do not contemplate the separation of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific, the attorney general is expected to bring suit under the Sherman law to accomplish that end. This will be dealt with apart from the dissolution of the Union Pacific merger.

WILSON TO SIGN BILL TAFT VETOED

Willing to Exempt Labor Unions and Farmers From Anti-Trust Law.

Washington, June 3.—President Wilson has decided to give his approval to the sundry civil bill, containing the provision exempting labor unions and farmers' organizations from prosecution under the Sherman anti-trust law.

In view of the President's attitude, congress is expected to lose no time in reaching an agreement on the items in dispute between the two houses included in this measure.

It has been claimed that the passage of the bill was delayed by a disagreement over a proposal to reduce the number of the managers of soldiers' homes from 10 to 5. As a matter of fact, the Democrats have been waiting to learn the attitude of the chief executive on the provision to limit the operation of the anti-trust law.

Wilson to Explain Reason.

The President will accompany his approval of the bill with a memorandum explaining the reasons for his action. He will assert that the action of congress in readopting the provision is substantially its passage over the veto of President Taft on March 4.

Immediately after the receipt of Taft's veto the house for the second time gave approval to the sundry civil bill, with the modified anti-trust provision, by a vote of 264 ayes to 48 nays. The senate failed to vote, so that the enactment of the bill or its rejection did not take place.

During the present session the house continued in the sundry civil bill the provision found so objectionable by Mr. Taft and passed the measure by a vote of 198 to 47. The senate refused to eliminate the provision by a vote of 41 to 32, with 23 senators not voting.

Taft Denounced "Class Law."

President Taft denounced the provision in regard to unions and farmers' associations as "class legislation of the most vicious sort." He said any organization formed with the beneficient purpose described in the proviso might later engage in a conspiracy to destroy by force, violence, or unfair means any employer or employe who failed to conform to its requirements, and yet because of its original avowed lawful purpose it would be exempt from prosecution, so far as prosecution depended upon the moneys appropriated, "no matter how wicked, how cruel the acts of which it was guilty."

The further proviso that the appropriation shall not be used in the prosecution of producers of farm products and associations of farmers who cooperate and organize in an effort to obtain and maintain a fair and reasonable price for their products is apparently designed, in the view expressed by Mr. Taft, to encourage or at least not to discourage the prosecution of organizations having for their purpose the artificial enhancement of the prices of food products.

Expected to Please Farmers.

President Wilson's decision to approve the sundry civil bill with the exemption clause among its provisions will give satisfaction to organized labor, and it is expected to please the farmers. The latter have been protesting against the proposed reduction of duties upon their products in the tariff revision, and it was feared in the cabinet circle that a great many votes would be lost by the Democrats because of the policy adopted.

The sundry civil provision specifically exempting farmers' associations from combining for the purpose of obtaining and maintaining "a fair and reasonable price" for their products will show them it is believed that the administration is in entire sympathy with their efforts to continue and even to increase their profits.

RIPS OFF HER UNDERSUIT

Lightning Burns Shoes From Woman and Man.

Tacoma, Wash., May 29.—When a bolt of lightning descended near Walla Walla it played queer pranks in the Jansen and Lyons homes. Mrs. Jules Jansen's underclothing was ripped to shreds, her stocking and shoes burned off and she was seriously injured.

A hired man at the Lyons home, three miles away, had exactly the same experience, and at the spot where he stood a hole four feet deep was ripped in the ground.

Three mules another hired man was driving were killed.

CUSTOMS REVENUES FALL OFF

Receipts for May Decline $6,000,000 Compared With 1912.

Washington, June 3.—Government revenues from customs receipts fell off more than $6,000,000 during May as compared with the same month of last year. Treasury officials attribute the loss to the period of tariff revision which, it is declared, is invariably characterized by the business interests "marking time" to await the advantages of lower duties.

T. R.'S VICTORY IS BLOW TO SLANDER

Col. Roosevelt Wins Fight for Principle Against Acceptance of Rumor.

Tradition was corrected and a big fact in history was made definite and certain when it was entered on the court records of Marquette county, Michigan, that Theodore Roosevelt, a President of the United States, is not and never was a drinking man.

In prosecuting the libel suit which terminated so successfully that not only the jury and court, but the defendant himself was convinced, Roosevelt fought for a principle. That was that false rumors shall not be crystalized into popular belief and finally accepted fact.

Verdict Only Technical.

When he established that Roosevelt waived damages. The verdict of the jury, awarding him six cents, was purely formal and technical, and was returned under instructions of the court at the request of Col. Roosevelt. The point was that Col. Roosevelt won vindication so absolute that his exoneration from the charge of drunkenness came from the defense itself.

It was one of the biggest battles of Col. Roosevelt's militant career. George A. Newett, who printed in the Iron Ore that Roosevelt "go drunk, and that not infrequently" stood up to be hit. But Roosevelt was not fighting the editor of a country paper printed at Ispeming. He was fighting slander, intangible and sinuous, which reached its crux in the secret campaign which was waged against his personal character a year ago.

Not Vindictive.

One angle of Roosevelt's fight against the formidable adversary was made plain when, after Newett took the stand Saturday and said that he could not substantiate and no longer believed himself the charge which he had made, Roosevelt asked the court to direct a verdict for only damages, and said:

"I did not go into this case for mony. I had no vindictive purpose. I wished, once for all, to deal with these slanders so comprehensively that never again will it be possible for any man, in good faith, to repeat them. I have achieved my purpose and I am content."

The other angle, and perhaps the bigger one, was not given expression during the trial, but it is known to have been in Col. Roosevelt's mind. For years he has grown restive under the gossip affecting the names of dead presidents. Washington and Lincoln have not escaped these personal reflections. Tradition has said that another president was immoral. Stories have been told of another beating his wife. Other public men have been content to treat such libels with silence, trusting to time to correct them. They died and the lies lived.

Not so with Roosevelt. He was determined, during life, to make history conform to the fact. He has known that the stories of his drinking have been growing for years, under industrious cultivation. He laid for his chance and took it. Characteristically, he has established a new line of thought. He so completely squelched the story about himself that it is safe to say that hereafter men will hesitate to believe and repeat similar stories about other public men.

Was Printed Before.

Several papers insinuated the story that Col. Doosevelt drank to excess. A paper in Missouri, and two in Mexico printed it, but made immediate retractions when the matter was taken up by John Callan O'Laughlin. The Appeal to Reason also printed it. None of these instances, Roosevelt thought, were worth while making the fight on.

When Newett, in the midst of the campaign last October, made the flat charge in his paper at Ishpeming Roosevelt determined to have a showdown. It seemed that the interests behind Newett were sufficiently large. The copy of Newett's paper was shown him at Milwaukee, just before he was shot, and within 48 hours, despite the fact that Col. Doosevelt's political associates, friends and even his family argued against it, James H. Pound, of Detroit, was instructed to go ahead with the suit. Within a week it was filed.

"The result showed that Col. Roosevelt's penetration and judgment again were correct," commented a friend.

When the suit was filed, however, they fell into line. Newett had said that "Roosevelt gets drunk and all his intimate friends know it." Roosevelt went to Marquette to disprove the charge and took his intimate friends with him.

Man after man, most of them of national or international note, and newspaper men, trained observers, took the stand and testified that so far was Roosevelt from being a drunkard that he rarely took a drink. One and another they had been closely associated with Roosevelt for a score of years. Some of them had fairly lived with him. It would have been impossible for him to have been in the habit of drinking without their knowing it.

Big Men Testify.

The testimony for Roosevelt was voluntary. Men of large affairs left them and came to spend a week in Marquette that they might speak for him. Letters and telegrams poured in on his attorneys from all over the country, offering evidence. Edwin Emerson, who was Roosevelt's field secretary during the Spanish-American war, came all the way from Mexico and demanded the privilege of testifying for the colonel. Nothing in the case was more impressive than when Charles Willis Thompson, correspondent of the New York Times, left the press table in the court room, and taking the witness stand, testified that he was assigned by his paper to watch Colonel Roosevelt's habits during his western tour in 1910, and he had failed to detect a sign of drinking.

On the other hand, Newett said a search from Florida to Portland, Ore., had failed to disclose a single man who was willing to swear that he had ever seen Colonel Roosevelt drink to excess.

In the face of such testimony the defense collapsed. The end came with startling suddenness although some such purpose was indicated by the attitude of the defense on the last day of the trial. No attempt was made to cross-examine William Loeb, former secretary to Roosevelt, and the secret service guards who had been with him constantly during his term as President. Their testimony concluded the oral evidence for the plaintiff.

Attorney Van Benschoten began reading depositions. In each instance the defense waived the reading of the cross-examination. At 2:50 Attorney Pound said, simply:

"The defense will make no statement at this time," he said, " the defendant will itake the stand."

Newett was sworn and was asked a few preliminary questions concerning himself. Counsel then obtained permission for him to read the rest of his testimony. Before he had read far the end of the case was evident. He read clearly and steadily. He said that he had been a supporter of Col. Roosevelt up to 1912, and that in the primaries that year had supported him for second choice. He was actuated to oppose him principally by an attack which Roosevelt made in a speech at Marquette on H. Ollin Young, former congressman from the Marquette district, and which Newett believed to be unjust.

Newett began to hear the stories as to Roosevelt drinking. He said that he took a trip and the stories were repeated to him in various parts of the country. He said he saw references to it in various newspapers which came to his exchange table. He declared that it was told to him by persons who claimed to know conditions in Washington. Then he read that after a complete search he and his attorneys had found men who were willing to swear that from their observations of Col. Roosevelt in making certain addresses, they believed that he was intoxicated, but they could locate or produce no witness who was willing to swear that he had seen Col. Roosevelt drink to excess. He concluded:

"In the face of the unqualified testimony of so many distinguished men who have been in a position for years to know the truth, I am forced to the conclusion that I was mistaken."

The announcement of this complete retraction made a sensation in the court room. Immediately following it came the announcement that the defense rested. Attorney Van Benschoten asked that the plaintiff be allowed to address the court. When Col. Roosevelt arose, the crowd which had been following intently the rapid succession of events, listened breathlessly. Col. Roosevelt spoke straight to the point, but evidently with the feeling to which his complete victory prompted him. When he finished there was no cheer, for the court had frequently admonished the audience against demonstration. But there was one vast stir. Checking any confusion the court announced a recess for 15 minutes.

When the jury filed back into the box the only thing left to be done was the charge of the court, and the formal returning of the verdict. As to his own conclusion the court said:

"Certainly the plaintiff has convinced the court, not only that he never was drunk, but that he is now and always has been a temperate and abstemious man."

In his statement Newett said that he desired only to show that he had printed the story without malice. On this point the court said that Newett "was not actuated by ill will, and that he acted in good faith."

The court held, however, that the injury to Col. Roosevelt, had he not waived damages, would have sustained a verdict in any sum up to $10,000, the amount claimed in the colonel's petition. In view of Col. Roosevelt's disclaimer of punitive damages the court instructed the jury to return a verdict of nominal damages which, under the Michigan law, is six cents. The jury reported without leaving the box. Col. Roosevelt stepped forward and shook the hand of each juror.

"I thank you, gentlemen, each of you," he said. "It was splendid, just perfectly splendid."

The amity of the occasion, however, did not extend to any handshaking between Col. Roosevelt and Newett. Within an hour Col. Roosevelt and most of the eastern witnesses left for home. At Ishpeming, Newett's home town, a large crowd had collected and cheered the colonel lustily as he waved to them through the window. He was greeted by similar assemblages at various stations for miles. At Republic the large crowd insisted on an address. He spoke briefly from the platform, saying:

"I came to fight this out because I believe in a Michigan jury, a Michigan judge and in Michigan justice."

MERCURY KILLS WOMAN

Philadelphia, May 29. — Another death from bichloride of mercury, taken by mistake for headache tablets, occurred here today. The victim, Mrs. Louise Zimmerman, 25, took the poison 11 days ago.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—09 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Why not double your income? There's no reason why you can't. Big Money. Spare Time. SILVERING MIRRORS. Great demand in every city. Full instructions for $2.00. Mirror Silvering Works, Box 274, Glen Falls, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Men and women wanted for government positions; $60 to $100 month to commence; vacations; steady work. Over 12,000 appointments this year. Parcel Post requires several thousand. Influence unnecessary. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. O 31, Rochester, N. Y.

$10 per 100 upward paid tacking signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid, secure territory. E. Shepard, Lebanon, N. H.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Earn $7 per 50 at home embroidering corner of handkerchiefs. Free lessons, plain stitches. Send 10c coin and self addressed, stamped reply envelope for trial handkerchief. Work anywhere. Arabian Supply Co., Dept. 55, Cleveland, O.

HELP WANTED.

Wanted—Men or women in every locality to supply special mailing lists. Profitable employment that does not interfere with other work. Send 10c in stamps for contracts and instructions. Mailing Bureau, 135 Monroe Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

Illinois Dairy and Grain Farm, 80 acres, $5,000; other bargains. Land list and map free. S. H. Morton & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For sale small farm, 12 acres, good land, all under cultivation; several buildings; terms, $900 cash. Write for particulars. Mike Redmond, Pierport, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTING GOODS, Cards, Dice, Books, etc. Catalog free. D. B. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

AGENTS.

Hundreds make $50-$75 weekly selling guaranteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

FARM LANDS.

Farms, Timber and Mineral Lands for sale in Spotsylvania Co., Va. Samuel Powell, atty., Belmont, Va.

8080 acre stock ranch for less half its value. For further information address owner, A. J. Johnston, Merchants National Bank Bldg., Springfield, Mo.

REAL ESTATE.

Texas State Lands—$1.50 to $5.00 acre; one-fortieth down, balance 40 years; information and Texas map free. Journal Pub. Co., Houston, Tex.

Patented State School Lands, McMullen County, Texas. Fine climate, fertile soil; $15 per acre; only $1 per acre cash, balance 10 years; no interest payments. F. A. Conable, Trustee, 412 Commerce Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

FARMS WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner who has good farm for sale; send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

FINANCIAL.

Mining Millions made by small syndicates. Join our pool to work large vein of free milling ore in Nevada, assaying $8 to $400 per ton on surface. Membership $10 monthly for 10 months. Not more than 30 to 50 memberships required. No salaries. Every dollar goes for development. Write for full details and proof of big profits. H. G. Fowler, 2554 W. 37th Ave., Denver, Colo.

POST CARDS.

12 Fine Colored and Glazed View Post Cards for 5c in stamps. New Jersey Post Card Co., 631 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

PERSONAL.

Become a drugless doctor. First lesson in osteopractic free. Diploma granted. Central College, 711 Schmidt Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS.

AGENTS MAKE $50 A WEEK EASY. We want men and women everywhere to introduce Yale Vacuum Sweeper and Ever Hot Self Heating Flat Iron. Easy to sell. Every woman interested. Big Profits. Write at once for our great proposition. Spare part time if you cannot put in all your time. Get your own machine free.

C Q YALE MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 85c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 5006, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free report as to patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

NEW JERSEY FARMS.

Profitable New Jersey Farms W. Albert Dresser, Burlington, N. J.

SONG POEMS WANTED. Send us your poems or melodies. Copyrighted in your name. We put it on the market, write or today. NATWORTH PUBLISHING CO., 7508, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CASH PAID for all kinds of roots, barks, herbs, leaves, etc., used in medicines. Write for circular. Grund & Company, North Philadelphia, Pa.

Best Conditioner Worm Expeller

Death to Heaves

(Guaranteed or Money Back) Coughs, Distemper, Indigestion

NEWTON'S 50c. $1.00 per can. Large for horses. At druggists' or sent postpaid.

THE NEWTON REMEDY CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

Sell Hosiery

Any man or woman should make $24 a week for 2 hours work a day selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. All styles, sizes, colors. Must wear 4 months or hose free. Sell in every home. Steady income. Big profits. Write for terms of free sample.

THOMAS HOSIERY COMPANY 3678 West St. Dayton, Ohio

We Have Paid Thousands of Dollars TO AMATEUR SONG WRITERS. You may be able to write a steady seller and share in the profits. Send us your poems or melodies for our Original Square Deal Offer. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Successful Song Publishers since 1908. Don't delay—write today for subscription to our big Song Writer's Magazine—valuable illustrated book on song writing and examination of your work free. Dugdale Co. 209 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D. C.

STORK MUST HUSTLE

Else Country Will Be Depopulated, Expert Says.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 28.—Dr. John N. Hurly, secretary of the Indiana board of health, predicted at a meeting of the Funeral Directors' Association yesterday that this country will become depopulated at the end of the next 1,200 years unless the stork begins to pay more frequent visits to the average American home.

Dr. Hurty said that if the capacity for motherhood continues to decrease as in the past by the year 3000 no children will be born. In the year 3020 there will be no children under five years of age, and that long before that date the death rate will far exceed the birth rate. The process of depopulation, he declared, already is beginning.

GRAND LODGE HEARS WOMAN

All Masonic Precedents Broken in Lansing, Mich.

Lansing, Mich., May 29.—Masonic precedents extending back to the very foundation of the order were broken yesterday when Mrs. Minnie E. Keyes, grand worthy matron of the Order of the Eastern Star of Michigan, was permitted to address the grand lodge Free and Accepted Masons, at its annual convention.

Mrs. Keyes is the first woman in the history of Masonry, it is said, to be admitted to a meeting of the grand lodge. She made an appeal for funds to establish an orphanage for children of deceased members of the order.

Monuments On Time

We sell monuments, tombstones and markers direct from the quarries at a very large discount from usual prices. Over 200 styles to select from. We allow 10 months payments, allowing long time to pay. All lettering done by expert. Our guarantee is backed by $1,000,000 capital. Send for our free Portfolio, quoting quarry prices, and picturing all the most desirable designs.

SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO. 3667 Wall St., Chicago, Ill.

5 YEAR GUARANTEE

98 CENTS POST PAID

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our big catalogue of Elgin watches we will send this elegant watch postpaid for only 98 cents. Gent's size, high grade gold plate finish, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, accurate time keeper, fully Guaranteed for 5 Years. Send 98 cents today and watch will be sent by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. HUNTER WATCH CO., Dept. 12 B CHICAGO, ILL.